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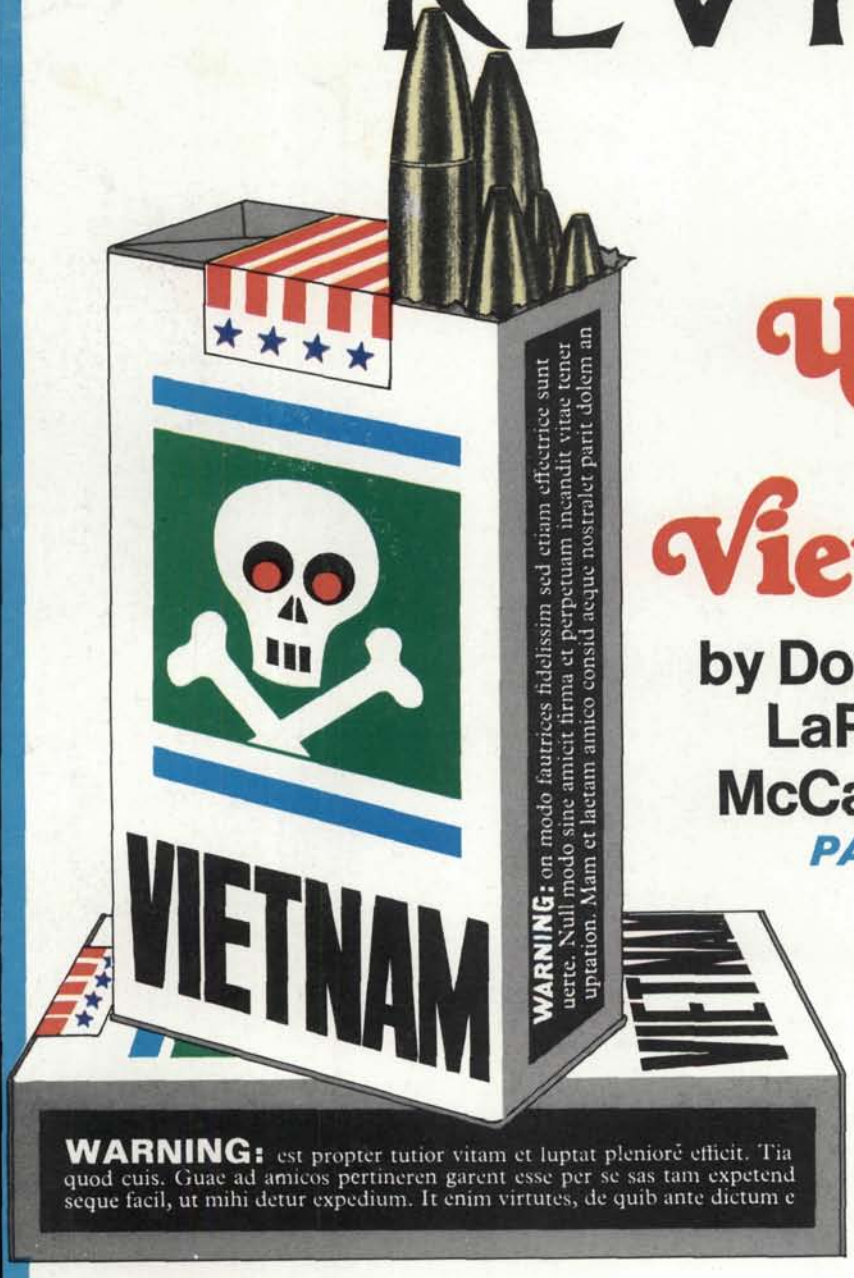
THE SECRET BEHIND THE SECRET PAPERS

NATIONAL REVIEW


VIETNAM
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The Unselling of the Vietnam War

by Doyle Dane Bernbach, LaRoche McCaffrey, McCann-Erickson, et al,
PATRICK D. MAINES

The Selling of the Selling of the Pentagon
REED J. IRVINE

WATCH BRAZIL
SELDEN RODMAN

Also In This Issue:

D. KEITH MANO ON CANNIBALISM IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH • THE MUMMY IN RED SQUARE BY FRANCIS RUSSELL • ALSO KIRK, BUCKLEY & BUCKLEY, BUI

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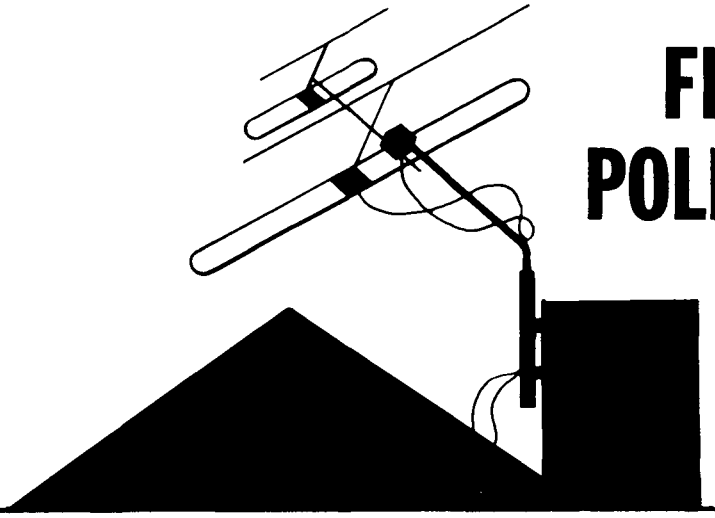


FIRST BOOK ON POLITICAL BIAS IN TELEVISION

If you like what Vice President Agnew is saying about the media, you'll love...

The Left-Leaning Antenna *by Joseph Keeley*

Preface · 6 Appendices · 320 pages · A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

FOR THE FIRST TIME, what conservatives have always known about TV is documented in a stunning book from which the Liberals may never recover.

Vice President Agnew's attack on media bias is focusing attention on what the Silent Majority has long maintained: that television leans sharply towards the left in news, commentary and programs.

Joseph Keeley, author of six books, former editor of *American Legion Magazine* and a close observer of TV for two decades, sat himself down before his tube and did virtually nothing but watch television for one month. Keeley followed that Stakhanovite performance with scores of interviews with TV insiders — and victims. His documented conclusion: *the networks are abusing their public trust.*

Today TV bias poses a whole new problem, a unique threat to free expression. The number of channels is finite, as Herbert Hoover noted when he set up the FCC. If all or most are controlled by people of one political slant, we have what amounts to a monopoly of opinion licensed and, in effect if not in intent, *enforced* by the government.

Joseph Keeley documents how far this alarming situation has already developed . . . then points the way to the kind of balance every fairminded American would applaud. Most important, Keeley offers an *action program* for concerned citizens who crave fairness from TV.

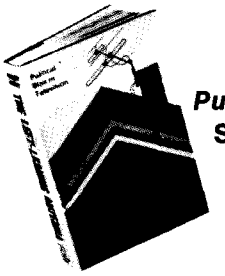
Joseph Keeley probes many explosive issues:

- **British MP: "The Viet Cong cannot beat you, but I think the Columbia Broadcasting System and the *New York Times* can."**
- **The great trouble that NBC went to in order to find one weirdo on a conservative college campus — and the publicity they gave him.**
- **During the Cambodian invasion, interview shows schedule eight Left-Liberals and worse — among them Pete Seeger, Fulbright, Lindsay.**
- **ABC newsman dares to back up Agnew — to the horror of his colleagues.**
- **The one ethnic prejudice Liberals applaud — and how it's exploited on TV.**
- **The deceptions by which NBC, CBS, and ABC — bastions of Liberal censorship — paint their critics as censors.**
- **Carefully calculated CBS distortion over "Hunger in America."**
- **The TV commentator voted "least fair" by Congressmen.**
- **Police brutality at Chicago — was it actually cooked up by TV newsmen?**
- **Treason exalted on the David Susskind Show.**
- **TV ratings — do they affect Liberal bias?**
- **How Hanoi uses Leftist Senators. TV plays along — to the delight of the Reds.**
- **Good movie defending our role in Vietnam is finally shown on NBC — at 1:45 a.m.**
- **TV as political kingmaker.**
- **Why the media hate Richard Nixon.**
- **"Free breakfasts" from the Panthers and Young Lords: what TV "forgets" to tell us.**
- **Deleting conservative and Leftist remarks: how the double standard works on TV.**
- **Liberals back Communist front — or isn't that newsworthy?**
- **How TV comedians were given the green light by the networks to make fun of Vice President Agnew.**
- **How CBS "dramatizes" the news.**
- **Famous TV newsman reveals his true thoughts about Nixon and Agnew — and they won't surprise you.**
- **The real story behind the firing of the Smothers Brothers.**
- **Similarities between Red infiltration of Hollywood in the 40s and Liberal control of TV in the 70s.**
- **IMPORTANT: conservative action program to turn the tide.**

30-Day Risk-Free Examination

If you agree that the actions of the news departments of CBS, NBC and ABC may have actually cost the lives of thousands of our soldiers in Vietnam . . . if you agree that it's time the Liberals were stopped from using the public airwaves as their personal propaganda machine, then *The Left-Leaning Antenna* is MUST reading for you.

Send for a copy now. If not pleased, you may return it within a month of delivery for a full refund plus extra money to cover your cost of return postage. Mail coupon with $8.95 to your bookseller or: Arlington House Publishers, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.



Liberal *Publishers' Weekly* Shows Why This Book Is So Important

"A heavy-handed, but frequently valid attack on TV as a news media [sic] *in our country . . . [Keeley] scores often with what seem to be reliable factual accounts of a large number of instances of left-liberal domination, if not outright control, of TV newscasting. These include the unflattering film footage on HHH shown during the 1968 campaign, as contrasted with the best-face-forward treatment accorded Eugene McCarthy and RFK."*

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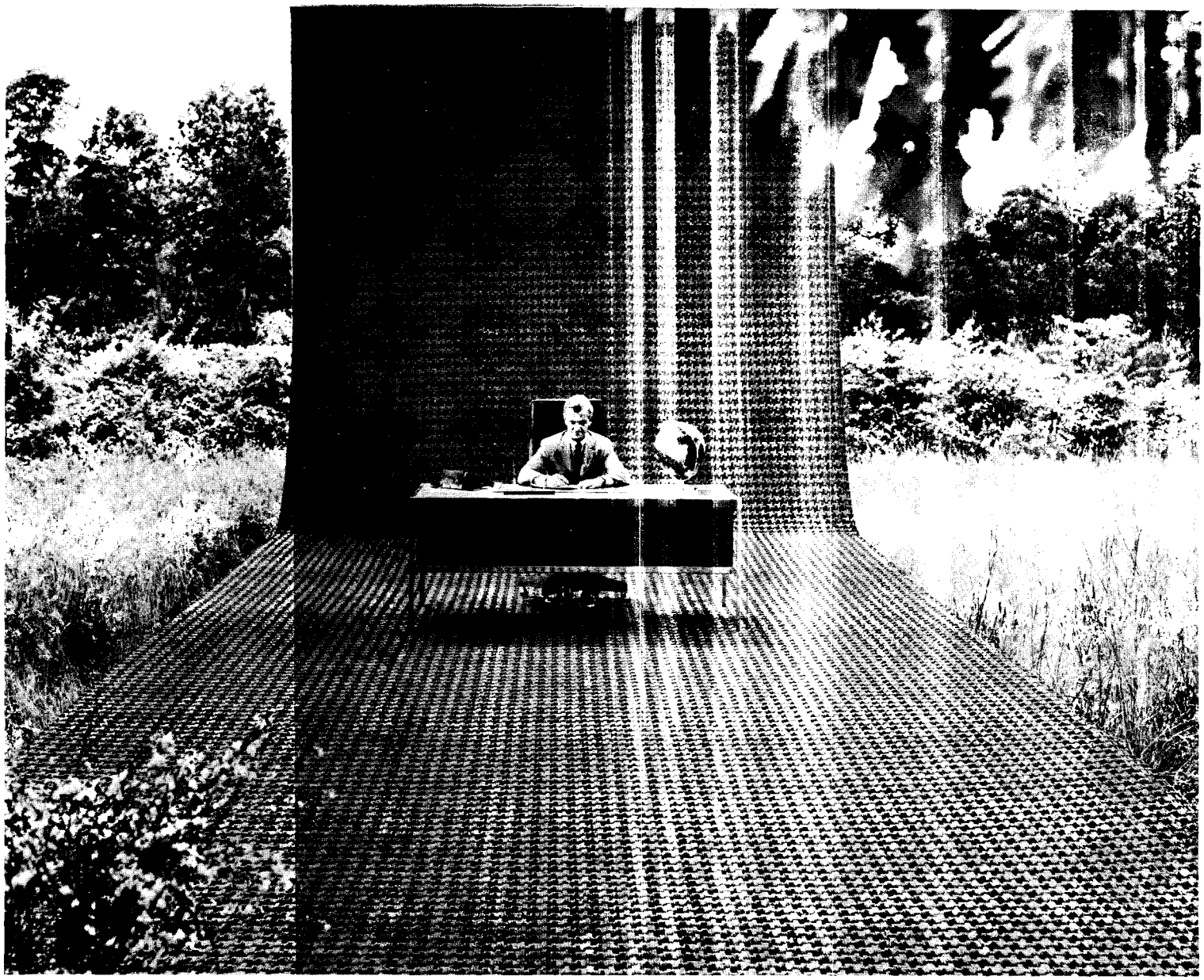

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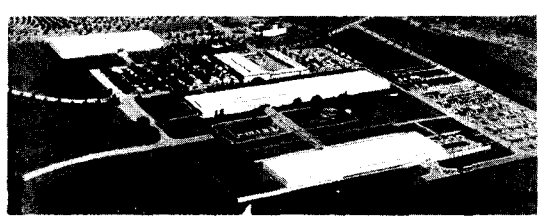

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VOL. XXIII NO. 31 AUGUST 10, 1971

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In This Issue

Reed J. Irvine and **Patrick D. Maines** show a new twist in the use of Madison Avenue techniques for political purposes. Mr. Irvine is chairman of the board of directors of Accuracy in Media, which is attempting independently of the Staggers Committee to have CBS' outtakes of *The Selling of the Pentagon* made public. Mr. Maines is *NR*'s (very successful) advertising director. . . . **Selden Rodman** plans to expand the Brazilian chapter of his *South America of the Poets* into a new book after he visits Brazil. . . . **Trevor Pembroke** is an American who has taught for several years in a Canadian university.

D. Keith Mano is the author of four novels, of which the last two (*War Is Heaven!* and *The Death and Life of Harry Goth*) were enthusiastically reviewed for *NR* by Jeffrey Hart. Nor is Mr. Hart the only enthusiast: a producer has already bought the movie rights to *Harry Goth*. After graduating summa cum laude from Columbia, Mr. Mano went to Clare College, Cambridge; while in England, he regularly acted with the Marlowe Society. He continued his acting career in America until he took over the management of his family's cement-manufacturing firm, X-Pando Corporation.

Ellis Sandoz is chairman of the political science department at East Texas State University; this is his second appearance in *NR*. . . . **Francis Russell** is now a permanent resident of Cape Cod. . . . **Dennis Fagan** is a twenty-year-old junior at Fordham University. He is majoring in English.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ About China: In poll on Red China's admission to the UN, **Opinion Research Corporation** finds 42 per cent of American people against it, 40 in favor. But six out of seven respondents said they would be reluctant to vote for any candidate who favored admission of Peking if it meant the ousting of Free China. . . . **World Anti-Communist League** and the **Asian Peoples Anti-Communist League** meeting in Manila last week issued joint communiqué condemning proposals to bring Peking into UN. . . . **Barry Goldwater** says that he himself is against Peking's entry, says he sees nothing wrong in President **Nixon**'s proposed China visit, but hopes that the various initiatives won't persuade the American people that "everything is sweetness and light between our country and Red China." . . . It was Senators **Frank Church** (D., Idaho) and **Charles McC. Mathias** (R., Md.) who sponsored resolution adopted by Foreign Relations Committee to repeal congressional backing for the use of U.S. forces to protect Taiwan from Red Chinese attack. . . . **Pan American, TWA, Northwest Airlines** all have operative authority from the CAB to fly to mainland China at such times as air service between the U.S. and China is established. . . . That Anti-Imperialist Hospital in Peking, where **James Reston**'s appendix was removed a fortnight ago, was built by Rockefeller Foundation money in 1916.

■ About the war: **South Vietnamese pilots** are now flying twice as many missions in Vietnam as American pilots; Americans still flying most of the missions in Laos. . . . **Combat deaths** in first six months of 1971 down 50 per cent over 1968 rate, 20 per cent over 1970 rate. . . . Barry Goldwater's office inundated with mail from people saying that if they had known then what they know now (Pentagon paperwise), they would have voted for him. . . .

Waite, *London Daily Mirror*
Ben Roth Agency

"Just as soon as the majority is a minority we shall return to majority rule."

John Roche reports that **Daniel Ellsberg** was peddling his memorandum on the Tet offensive (he was 100 per cent wrong in his assessment of its meaning) all over Washington in 1968. Roche believes it was Ellsberg's memo that led **John Kenneth Galbraith** to predict that the Saigon government wouldn't last another two weeks (like to think it was Galbraith's own analysis ourselves). . . . Spotted by *Monday* editor **John Lofton** as *the* quote of the week: **John Kerry** (the antiwar vet) on Danny (the Dip) Ellsberg: "It shows that it's still amazing what one honest person can do."

■ Getting crowded: the Wisconsin primary. In addition to the regular gang, **Sam Yorty** has told Democratic officials in Wisconsin that they can put his name in it; Representative **Shirley Chisholm** (D., N.Y.) says she's thinking of filing there too. Mrs. Chisholm says if she runs it will not be as the black candidate but as the feminine candidate. . . . Could make trouble for **McGovern**: disclosure that he wrote a Supreme Court judge in New York asking for a lenient sentence for **Peter Huang**, a Cornell researcher who took a shot at **Chiang Kai-shek**'s son a year ago. McGovern argued that Huang had done so because of frustrations over Chiang's tyrannies in Taiwan. Doubly embarrassing was fact that McGovern's letter got out (**Edward O'Neill** of the *Daily News*) and that Huang jumped bail before he could be sentenced.

■ State executive committee of the **California Federation of Teachers** has unanimously adopted a resolution demanding the immediate release of **Angela Davis**. California Fed. plans to bring the resolution before the national union at San Francisco convention in August. . . . The **Soledad** brothers in the news again. A guard was stabbed to death there last week while protecting a convict who had testified in the original Soledad trial. . . . Communists are revving up another Angela Davis-type campaign in favor of the Sudanese Communists: telegrams from CPs all over the world, mass demonstrations and protests in the satellites. **Gus Hall**, Secretary General of CPUSA, doing his part. He claims the CIA gave the orders for the executions. . . . McGraw-Hill's *Air and Water News* reports college students arrested in Michigan for tearing down billboards (doing their bit for ecology) have agreed to interviews with the press—but only at a price. . . .

■ Well, are the media biased? **David Brinkley** in remarkably frank discussion of the press over Public Broadcasting Service commented: "I've heard **Lyndon Johnson**, in private, saying things about the press that make **Spiro Agnew** sound like **Mary Poppins**."

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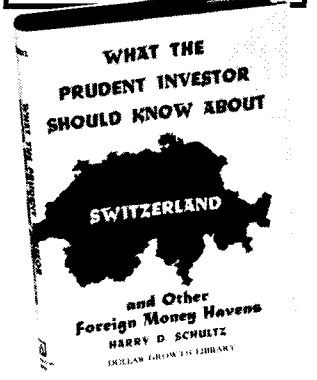

WHERE TO LOOK

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■ **While American banks are being blown up by "urban guerrillas," several Swiss banks are paying interest on checking accounts.**

■ **While foreign businessmen are shunning dollar investments, American Express now offers Swiss Franc Travelers Cheques.**

■ **While American bankers find themselves unwilling agents of the IRS, the Swiss government arrested a trio of foreign taxmen who, while in Switzerland, asked bankers impertinent questions instead of going skiing.**

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LETTERS

Superstar

In "Here Comes SuperJudas!" [June 29], the only correct statement Sheldon Smith makes in relation to the rock opera *Jesus Christ: Superstar* is that "every high-school and college student seems to know it, love it." I am a high-school student and I wish to explain why Rev. Smith completely misunderstands *Superstar*.

Rev. Smith alleges, "the Jesus of *Superstar* is simply not credible. He is an hysteric." But the album proposed no such thing. It did, in fact, proclaim that Jesus was a man—a man with good qualities and bad ones, like everyone else. Perhaps, Rev. Smith misses the point because of his own tacit assumption that Jesus is God, in which case he loses the reality portrayed in *Superstar*.

In addition, Rev. Smith fails to note other extremely significant contentions of the album—that so many have died in the name of religion, that Jesus was a good man in seeking to help the poor but got caught up (or corrupted?) by "all this talk of God."

As for Rev. Smith's understanding of Judas—forget it!

Elmont, N.Y. ALAN LUXENBERG

I simply must congratulate Sheldon Smith for his review of *Jesus Christ: Superstar*.

Rev. Smith has dealt with the rock opera not only as a piece of music but as a characterization of peoples (and God). He avoids that all-American pitfall, the general statement, and thus is able to give credit where due and chastise with equal dexterity. Many, and sad to say most, reviews I have seen seem to lump the whole work together and either praise or condemn it completely. This is, as Rev. Smith notes, a grievous error.

Somerville, Mass. STEPHEN A. MCDONALD

Yale Replies

Re the letters in your July 13 issue commenting on my article, "The Climate's All Wrong" [June 15]:

Both I and an alumnus I considered to be an unimpeachable source are delighted to be corrected on the statement that Norwich University, a pre-eminent source of military leaders, was abandoning its military curriculum. Nevertheless, the point remains that the number of "military" schools has shrunk significantly.

I would refer Dr. Turner to the Department of the Army Historical Division volume *Procurement and Training of Ground Combat Troops* for information on the devastating effects of handling personnel on an individual rather than on a unit basis. As Chief of the Mobilization and Training instruction at the Command and General Staff College I helped draw up a list of "don'ts" just prior to the Korean War. But the same mistakes were faithfully repeated and have been carried through the Vietnam affair. They are the root of all the trouble.

Personnel policies must aim at replacing tired or shattered companies or battalions with fresh team-trained units and not with a group of uncoordinated individuals. A soldier who has been in sustained combat for over three weeks is not only worthless as a fighter, he infects every arriving individual with defeatism.

There have been cogent reasons, based on transportation problems, for operating an individual replacement system for far-flung battlefields. But the advent of the C-5A, together with the unfortunate experiences in Southeast Asia, should dictate the development of a unit system, at least for smaller units, even as whole divisions were rotated during World War I.

Pebble Beach, Calif. WESLEY W. YALE

Rizzo and Philly

I thought W. H. von Dreele's poem [June 1] on the victory of Frank Rizzo was a gem.

As a life-long resident of Northeast Philadelphia, I do not recognize the description of Rizzo given by Robert Strippy of Illinois ["Letters," July 13]. On the contrary, Frank Rizzo was a dedicated law officer, dedicated to his men, the people of Philadelphia and the just administration of law enforcement.

Philadelphia, Pa. ROSEMARY GALLIAN

Kirkus Circus

Deo gratias! As a librarian, the Kirkus Circus has been my cross for seven years, and, at last, somebody has exposed them ["The Book Burners," June 29]. Because I have long been aware that they were about as objective as *American Opinion*, I ordered Willmoore Kendall's book, on the assumption that any work so violently opposed by those harpies must merit at least two inches of shelf space. You are correct, however, in believing that many libraries will not buy it because of the Virginia Kirkus hatchet job.

Denunciation of censorship is frequent and ritualistic in my profession and the commitment to "intellectual freedom" is almost hysterical. But, thanks to the reviewing media, the publishers and, alas, the bigotry of many librarians, unfashionable ideas are systematically eliminated from the nation's libraries. We may strike heroic poses when an American Legion type chastens us for purchasing a eulogy of St. Che, but we have allowed the homogenization of book collections throughout the country, and I can only pity the poor student who wants a viewpoint anywhere to the right of Dr. Spock's on any topical issue.

Orange, Calif. RANDAL A. ROBB

Having successfully argued the case for the Virginia Kirkus Service as Book Burner, you locate "ingenuous" librarian-users of Kirkus in a circle of Midwestern geography which, remarkable to me, approximately surrounds the place where I live. Maybe I can have a crack, then, at being the not-so-innocent, "disingenuous" librarian from Missouri.

There's another conspiracy going on these days in libraries which may be of interest to you. It goes something like this:

1) Encourage subscriptions to and the careful reading of magazines like NATIONAL REVIEW by librarians everywhere.

2) Encourage respect and admiration for conservative thinkers like Buckley, Kirk, Goldwater and Rafferty on the part of librarians.

3) Systematically search out and purchase books written and published by conservative authors and houses.

4) Provide opportunities for librarians to hear conservative speakers in order for them to know what these men stand for.

5) Read liberal book reviews like those in Kirkus with an assumption of their bias; use a devastating review like the one of *Contra Mundum* as a signal that this may be a book which you *should* buy.

6) Recognize that if the academy, network TV and editors in publishing houses are seeking to manipulate opinion in America in a liberal-left direction, the essential task of the library—really, its obligation—is to make available alternative, i.e., conservative, viewpoints.

I suspect that more conservative books and magazines are going into libraries in Missouri today than ten years ago. Part of the reason is the understanding by librarians that liberals have captured many reviewing journals.

All of this may be heresy to liberal types. It's really what libraries are all about.

Jefferson City, Mo. CHARLES O'HALLORAN

Why Leapfrog?

A letter like Mr. R. N. Butler's [June 15] puts an author in a peculiar position. I am gratified that he thought enough of my article ["Leapfrogging the SST," April 20] to write "a few corrections," but at the same time I don't want to leave the impression that I had not thought of what he mentioned. But writing any letter like this immediately seems to put me on the defensive, though I don't intend it that way. Life is full of paradoxes and trials.

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My proposed lead-time of three-quarters of a decade did not mean that I expected to use first-generation space shuttles as commercial carriers—just the technology involved in first-generation shuttles. I cite as a parallel example the development of the *Centaur*, S-IV, S-IVB and S-11 stages. If these stages had been developed serially instead of somewhat parallelly the manned lunar landing would still be years away—at least by Americans.

Indeed, I have always thought of the suborbital transport as more a C-5A than a DC-3; I thought that point was made clear when I said ". . . the larger a vehicle design is—that is, the more passengers and/or cargo it can hold—the smaller the unit shipping cost becomes."

Although I'll admit that presently the takeoff noise is something to be coped with, the whole thrust of the article was that the development of the suborbital transport would require the best effort of our aerospace talents, improving the technology, as well as giving us a faster way to get from point A to point B.

And I agree that the suborbital transport *should* be the successor to the SST; but Congress has made it impossible for us to build the SST, so we'd better start work on the successor now.

Acton, Mass. STEPHEN A. KALLIS JR.

Billy Graham Defended

I wish to take issue with Mr. Francis Russell on a few points he raised regarding Billy Graham ["Billy and Aimee," June 29]. In 1950, Billy Graham preached to capacity audiences here in Boston during his entire visit. When Park Street Church was unable to handle the crowd, services were moved to Mechanics Building, and finally to Boston Garden, where thousands had to be turned away. (Mr. Russell states that "Billy didn't quite make expenses.") And after more than twenty years, Billy still holds "to the literalness of the King James Version with a fundamentalist fervor," despite Mr. Russell's attempts to put him and his work down. Mr. Russell should have realized that, in saying each man is responsible for his own decision to accept or to reject salvation, Billy Graham is saying that each man is responsible for his own life here on earth—a message conservatives should applaud.

Boston, Mass. JOHN H. MCDUFF JR.

Shifting Snowdrifts

My thanks to Peter Cook ["Letters," July 13] for correcting my calculation and also for reinforcing my point that a few lines of simple arithmetic, rather than a battery of computers, are sufficient to estimate the number of snowflakes needed to cover x square miles to a depth of y inches, assuming a volume of v per snowflake.

Mr. Cook errs, however, when he says that the alleged "group of mathematicians" does not need a refresher course in statistics. Let me illustrate this point by the following example: It is possible to weigh fairly accurately a rock with a mass of about fifteen pounds, but it is *not* possible to weigh a live human being accurately. The weight of a person changes each time he or she breathes. By the same token, it is impossible to calculate to *twelve significant figures* the number of snowflakes needed to cover the state of Tennessee to a depth of ten inches in view of the influence of trees, wind, man-made artifacts, animal life, evaporation, the presence of open water (lakes and rivers), cliffs and rocks in the terrain involved, and the effects of changes in temperature on the packing of snow.

The problem as posed dealt with the state of Tennessee, not with 42,244 square miles of theoretical surface. There is a slogan in computer sciences: Garbage in, garbage out—which means, if you put data which is not adequately programmed into a computer, you get a meaningless answer.

Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS H. JUKES

Virginia's Rebuttal . . .

Russell Kirk is misinformed ["From the Academy," June 25] in his observations about the University of Virginia. Contrary to what he says, the applications to the University have increased during the past three years. In the last year alone, applications for the entering class rose from 6,707 to 9,378.

Also, Mr. Kirk overlooks some very important facts as far as the state of Virginia is concerned. Virginia is one of the fastest growing states in the nation. More and more students graduating from Virginia high schools are qualified to enter the University (which has high standards that are not being lowered), and the University feels that it should take its share of these talented young people. In addition, the University has long had a significant number of out-of-state students who contribute much to the educational experience and pay more than twice the tuition charged to in-state students.

That the University expects an enrollment of eighteen thousand by 1980 is a projection only, but a realistic one. Even if that figure is reached, the University will be among the smallest state universities in the nation.

WILLIAM H. FISHBACK
Director of Public Affairs
University of Virginia

Charlottesville, Va.

. . . Kirk's Reply

Mr. Fishback's defense of administrative policies of expansion at Charlottesville are vague and somewhat disingenuous. I am not misinformed, having at my elbow correspondence from several people at the University of Virginia more concerned for decent standards than is Mr. Fishback, having conversed with professors and students at that institution, and having studied the lengthy and highly intelligent report on this subject by that University's Student Council—"Expansion," drawn up by

(*Continues on page 887*)

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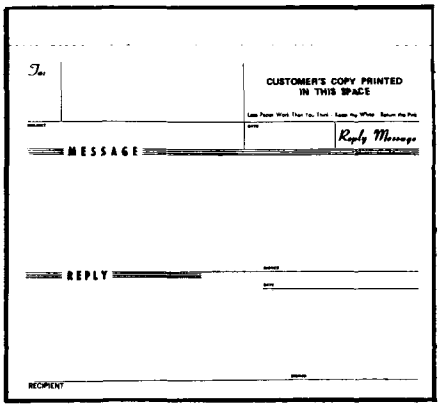

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A DECLARATION

Representatives of several conservative organizations and publications met in New York on July 26, 1971, and agreed on the following declaration:

DURING the first two and one-half years of the Administration of President Nixon, we hoped that substantial headway would be made to reorient the country's policies, foreign and domestic.

■ We touch only lightly on the failures of Mr. Nixon's Administration domestically. It is a fact that we continue to have inflation and unemployment, excessive taxation and inordinate welfarism. It is also a fact that notwithstanding the reforms he has proposed, and the excellent public servants whose aid he has enlisted, we continue to have an intolerable crime rate, an apathetic court system, and a Supreme Court given in certain matters to ideological abstraction.

■ These domestic considerations, important as they are, pale into insignificance alongside the tendencies of the Administration in foreign policy. Applauding though we do the President's steadfastness in resisting the great pressures upon him to desert Southeast Asia, we note:

1. His failure to respond to the rapid advance of the Soviet Union into the Mediterranean basin,

2. His failure to warn against the implications of the current policies of the West German government,

3. His overtures to Red China, done in the absence of any public concessions by Red China to American and Western causes,

4. *And above all*, his failure to call public attention to the deteriorated American military position, in conventional and strategic arms, which deterioration, in the absence of immediate and heroic countermeasures, can lead to the loss of our deterrent capability, the satellization of friendly governments near and far, and all that this implies.

IN CONSIDERATION of this record, the undersigned, who have heretofore generally supported the Nixon Administration, have resolved to suspend our support of the Administration.

■ We will seek out others who share our misgivings, in order to consult together on the means by which we can most effectively register our protests.

■ We do not plan at the moment to encourage formal political opposition to President Nixon in the forthcoming primaries, but we propose to keep all options open in the light of political developments in the next months.

■ We reaffirm our personal admiration and—in the case of those of us who are his friends or who have been befriended by him—our affection for Richard Nixon, and our wholehearted identification with the purposes he has over the years espoused as his own and the Republic's. We consider that our defection is an act of loyalty to the Nixon we supported in 1968.

JEFFREY BELL, Capitol Hill Director, American Conservative Union
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR., Editor, NATIONAL REVIEW
JAMES BURNHAM, Editor, NATIONAL REVIEW
ANTHONY HARRIGAN, Executive Vice President, Southern States Industrial Council
JOHN L. JONES, Executive Director, American Conservative Union
J. DANIEL MAHONEY, Chairman, New York Conservative Party
NEIL MCCAFFREY, President, Conservative Book Club
FRANK S. MEYER, Editor, NATIONAL REVIEW
WILLIAM A. RUSHER, Publisher, NATIONAL REVIEW
ALLAN H. RYSKIND, Associate Editor, *Human Events*
RANDAL C. TEAGUE, Executive Director, Young Americans for Freedom
THOMAS S. WINTER, Editor, *Human Events*

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THE WEEK

■ Ad hoc baby god [sic] Slick, daughter of Grace Slick and Paul Kantner of rock's Jefferson Starship (whose latest record is *Blows against the Empire*), has been rechristened (?) "China."

■ Principal reason you have to keep a sharp eye on governments is that they can make that great leap from the particular to the general in next to no time at all. Legislation to bail out the failing Lockheed Corporation was bad enough; now suddenly the concept is expanded, and the Senate asked to approve a $2-billion fund to guarantee loans to *any* threatened corporation whose failure "would seriously and adversely affect the economy or employment in the nation or any region thereof." Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard has warned that the measure will encourage inefficiency among defense contractors. More important, it will, in the words of New York's Senator James Buckley, "pioneer a form of government intervention that would erode the market disciplines required by a healthy system of free and competitive enterprise."

■ At a hearing of the Arms Control Subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard testified that the Pentagon is deliberately downgrading the capability of both the Air Force's new Minuteman 3 missiles and the Navy's new Poseidon missiles in correlation with the SALT talks.

■ Welfare payments go up and up, and yet the food-stamp program continues to expand: that was the message last week, as the Nixon Administration, under pressure, backed down on its own proposal to cut 275,000 persons from the program on the grounds that their welfare payments exceeded new national uniform income standards. This defeat was only the beginning. At the same time, "new" and "liberalized" and "sweeping" regulations added 1.7 million people to the $2-billion food-stamp program. This is known as mau-mauing the taxpayer.

■ Calling all conspiracy buffs! There will be a meeting tomorrow afternoon on the Grassy Knoll—to discuss the brand-new Kent State Conspiracy. Seems the Department of Law, Justice and Community Relations of the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the United Methodist Church has published a report charging that the four who died at Kent State were selected in advance and deliberately shot by eight (unidentified) National Guardsmen acting in unlawful concert. The author of the report, Peter Davies, says he bases his charges on "other reports," photographs of the incident, and the testimony of one (1) student witness to the Scranton Commission. Incidentally, Davies is a close friend of the family of one of the dead students.

■ The Pentagon is more alarmed than it cares to show over the decision of Iceland's new leftist government to close the U.S. airbase at Keflavik over the next four years. Keflavik is a critical link in the Navy's antisubmarine defensive system. It sits right in the middle of the Greenland-Faeroe Islands gap and is the last point from which Soviet ships and submarines can be watched as they move into the North Atlantic. It is from the Keflavik base also that the U.S. has monitored the spring and fall naval maneuvers of the Soviet and satellite fleets in the Baltic. Premier Olaffur Johannesson's new coalition includes the Communists, who wanted Iceland to pull out of NATO altogether, but they were not successful in pushing Johannesson that far. Not that Iceland has anything to offer to NATO but Keflavik. But should Johannesson be forced out of office—some of his policies sound as if they might break Iceland financially—it would be easier for the successor government to reverse the stand on Keflavik if Iceland were still technically a NATO member.

■ *Leapin' Lizards, Sandy! The way things are going, pretty soon we'll be visiting Red China, and trading with her, and maybe even building factories and stuff over there!* The Anglo-German firm of Vickers-Zimmer put up a textile plant in Lanchow in 1966, to be run on a profit-splitting basis with the Peking government. As soon as the plant was operating smoothly, the government accused management of "cheating," fined the company $1 million, seized its assets and jailed engineer George Watt on espionage charges. After three years in prison, complete with torture and beatings, Watt apologized for his "crimes" and was let go. He now says: "If

Off to Grandmother's

I grant you Nixon needs a lift.
Another year of drift and rift
And people in the know would say
He'll shortly pull an LBJ.
But while he's got them in the aisles,
Please check the ones who wear the smiles.
The *Times* is grinning ear to ear.
The Ripon people tend to leer.
The Javits liberals are pleased.
The leftist loonies feel appeased.
Does no one share a sense of fright
With us poor chickens on the Right?
I'd like to giggle if I could,
But what about Red Riding Hood?

W. H. VON DREELE

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any American businessmen contemplate profits out of the approaching détente, I will give them a flat prediction: They will encounter disaster and will be lucky to escape without imprisonment of their representatives." Watt was brought to this country by the Committee of One Million against the Admission of Red China to the UN, to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Chairman Fulbright prevented the upsetting testimony, reports the *Chicago Tribune*'s Willard Edwards, by invoking a hitherto-unknown Committee rule against testimony by "foreign nationals." *Arf.*

■ Ever since 1943, when the graves of thousands of Polish officers were discovered in Katyn Forest, the Soviets have insisted it was the Nazis, not they, who murdered them. This has never been widely believed; now new evidence has turned up and the Russians look guiltier than ever. A Tel Aviv newspaper has published the story of Abraham Vidro, who was imprisoned in 1940 in the Starobyelsk forced labor camp along with many of the Polish officers. Toward the end of the year, the Poles were taken away in three groups and never seen again. Mr. Vidro had become friends with Major Joshua Sorokin, who had helped supervise the third shipment; on his return to camp, Major Sorokin told Mr. Vidro they had simply taken the Poles out and massacred them. Later in the war a former Soviet officer told Mr. Vidro the same story, adding that several soldiers, unable to bear the killing, had committed suicide and thrown themselves into the mass graves. Why the long silence? Mr. Vidro explained that he had promised Major Sorokin not to say anything for thirty years.

■ From the *Pravda-Izvestia-Tass Dictionary of the Russian Language and Official Style Sheet*: "NONPOLITICAL, adj. That which shows a clear understanding of the political realities without taking sides. Illustration: The Seventh International Moscow Film Festival was a *nonpolitical* event. It began with a documentary film, *Internationale*, which contrasted the growth of Soviet industry and the magnificent speeches of V. I. Lenin with the American Ku Klux Klan, police brutality, children starving outside the homes of rich capitalists and American soldiers viciously mistreating Vietcong prisoners. The Festival also included *Liberation*, the definitive film history of World War II, in which one sees Stalin, after the gallant Soviet forces had brought Hitler and the West to their knees, magnanimously returning Western Europe to the ungrateful Roosevelt and Churchill."

■ As if attempting to parody the racial "guidelines" promulgated by the Potomac bureaucracies, the Republican Convention Reform Committee has proposed that, at the 1972 National Convention in San Diego, Youth be represented by Young Delegates "in numerical proportion to their voting strength within the state," that Women have equal representation, that each standing committee have a "member of a minority ethnic group" as well as at least one Man, one Woman and one Young Delegate, and that Blacks be accorded "numerical equity" in terms of delegate strength, and so on. But, we ask, what about Gays? What about Fat Men? Only the Idiots have no complaint: They are fully represented on the Republican Convention Reform Committee.

■ Meet *Porthetria dispar*—and hope he doesn't come to your house for dinner next year. He's known to his pals as the Gypsy Moth, and he's such a good defoliator the Air Force should draft him. DDT used to keep him under control, but now DDT is a no-no. Last year in New Jersey he ate the cover off so many hillsides that rattlesnakes were forced down into populated areas. This year he's been busy in southern New England: Parts of Cape Cod now look like the aftermath of Belleau Wood, and 125 of Connecticut's 169 towns have experienced substantial defoliation. In one of those towns, Bristol, three gentlemen are running for office on an "ecological backlash" platform: They promise, so help us Rachel Carson, to spray DDT next spring.

■ Apropos of which: We happened to spot, buried in the back pages of a Midwestern newspaper, the interesting news that three scientists at the University of Illinois have developed a new, biodegradable form of DDT that doesn't linger in animal tissues and get passed down the food chain. We thought the ecology folks would be ecstatic over this development; so far we haven't heard a word from any of them. But then, like our Uncle Hyrum always said, we wouldn't know a Vested Interest if it walked up and kneed us in the groin.

■ It's been a windfall year for Young Americans for Freedom. As a result, more than 1,500 members are expected to come out for YAF's four-day (Sept. 2-5) 1971 National Convention in Houston. The roster of featured speakers includes Commander Lloyd Bucher, William F. Buckley Jr., Senator James L. Buckley, Senator Robert Byrd, Congressman Phil Crane and Kevin Phillips, plus Governor Ronald Reagan "via special telephone hookup from Sacramento." The activities schedule lists workshops, films, general sessions and elections, and, of course, banquets. For particulars, contact: YAF National Convention, 1221 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Reordering Our Priorities

In Lindsay's city, where the rate
Of murder regularly soars,
The fuzz prefers to concentrate
On rounding up the city whores.

W. H. VON DREELE

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■ Question: If President Nixon is less popular after 29 months in office than were any of the last four Presidents (Gallup Poll), but can still beat Edward Kennedy by an 8% margin in a three-way race including Wallace (Harris Poll), what does that make Teddy?

■ Before he ever saw the dough, the IRS had $130,000 of Muhammad Ali's $450,000 guarantee for the Jimmy Ellis fight. Foul! cried his lawyers. Ali had planned to set aside $100,000 for "such deductible investments as oil and gas exploration." Ali himself elaborated: "At my fight with Joe Frazier the government took $800,000 and New York State took $348,000, just seized it before I could get my check. Just took it." Ali, says his lawyer, owes no taxes and has no history of owing any. "Hollering about civil rights," Ali went on, "all this integrating mess, just give me my money. Let me do what I want to do." Anyone sense a New Coalition shaping up?

The Twain Shall Meet

1. Geopolitics and Politics

It is not hard to discern two of the President's objectives in his Long March toward Peking, although neither figures in his own or other official comments. If there might otherwise have been doubt, the choice of Count Kissinger as his envoy would have made it sufficiently clear that Mr. Nixon is playing a classic balance-of-power gambit. The existing crack or fission between the two great powers occupying the central land mass of Eurasia presents the opportunity of applying a pull here and a push there in such wise as to prevent or at least hinder a coalescence against the Western rival.

And second, as is universally recognized, the Peking turn, in particular the manner of the surprise announcement of the forthcoming Presidential journey, serves, or is believed to serve, the President's domestic political needs. It was sufficient that the sudden announcement knocked Mr. Nixon's most active and voluble critics off *their* balance. The Vietnam war and the troubles of the domestic economy have—for the moment at least—been smothered. In relation to the President, here exploiting the unique potential of his office, his opponents recede in size. The scheduling of the visit for next spring enables it to blanket the primaries. The game plan is obviously designed to present Mr. Nixon in the election campaign as the peace candidate, on the assumption that this is an unbeatable image.

The prominence of the domestic aim is proved by the surprise tactic. So abrupt a surprise was not necessary for any international objective; in fact, by offending needlessly some friends and allies who were caught unprepared, it interfered with the international objectives.

2. Who Balances the Balance of Power?

There can be no reasonable objection to the President's wish to apply balance-of-power diplomacy on this grand scale. But there are certain conditions for the successful pursuit of a favorable balance, as we may learn from the example of imperial Britain, which was in its day probably the most successful and most conscious practitioner of the balance art. Britain, basing her empire on an offshore island, aimed to prevent a consolidation of land power on the European continent strong enough to dominate and defeat her. But to be in a position to exercise the necessary pulls and pressures she had to a) maintain superiority herself in the basic strategic deterrent—that is to say, the fleet, and b) keep control over enough islands and coastal areas around the continental periphery to serve the needs of the deterrent system and to act as potential pressure points for affecting the continental equilibrium. This second requirement was fulfilled by the close alliance with Portugal and possession of the strong points of Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Republic, Cyprus, Alexandria, the Suez Isthmus, etc. In Dean Acheson's phrase, the balance—like any type of balancing—had to be done from "situations of strength."

In relation to the Great Continent (Asia with its western peninsula of Europe and its African extension to the south), the United States may be considered an offshore island, analogous to Britain and its relation to Europe. On the larger, fully global scale, the requirements are the same: a) maintenance of an unmatched strategic deterrent, now become the nuclear missile systems; b) the island stations and coastal redoubts around the periphery. Western Europe itself, South Korea and Southeast Asia have been and are the primary coastlands; the islands and correlated shore bases have stretched in a vast curve from the Aleutians down through Japan, Okinawa, Taiwan and the Philippines to Australia; and on the western arc from Britain through Iceland and the Azores, into the Mediterranean, the Mideast and (though there mostly lost in the last few years) in Africa.

This global system arose inevitably and almost automatically in the years immediately following World War II, in response to the consolidation of dynamic and aggressive Communist power in the heartland of the Great Continent. The system's function has been to "contain" the Communist power, to prevent it from completing the subjugation of the Great Continent and the world domination that would thereon be the inevitable consequence. Backed by the strategic deterrent the NATO alliance, with the presence of U.S. troops on European soil and a U.S. fleet in European waters, expressed the will to resist Communist advance toward the western limit of the Great Continent; the ring of offshore U.S. installations, the Seventh Fleet, the Korean and more lately the Vietnam war, expressed it in the east.

3. Leading from Weakness

In the last few years, the global resistance system has been eroding at an increasing rate. The relative strength of the strategic deterrent, upon which the entire system must finally rest, has been whittled down from unchal-

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lengeable superiority to approximate equality, and is presently headed to inferiority—in the near future. Communist air and sea power has entered the Mediterranean basin, is rapidly increasing its strength there, and moving into the Indian Ocean at the same time that U.S. air power has been forced to withdraw from key bases in the region. Iceland has served notice that the critical U.S. installation there must soon be vacated. Communist power has seeped over the borders in Southeast Asia and continues active as the U.S. carries out a massive withdrawal. The nuclear installations on Okinawa are being abandoned, and preparations for at least some degree of withdrawal go on at all the stations along the Asian coasts.

A successful balancing act requires that the balancer's feet are firmly placed. But the President begins his turn at the very time when the ground he stands on is softening and crumbling. He is leading from weakness, not from strength. And so, who has the better chance of ending up on the new balance's upper side?

4. The President's Dilemma

The President and others tell us that these Peking démarches aim to bring mainland China "back into the family of nations," to "improve relations," "renew communication," "increase trade," etc. etc. But how do the Chinese Communists understand the renewing contact? On July 10, 1971—the day on which he was chatting so happily with Henry Kissinger—Chou En-lai included the following statement in a message of greetings he sent to the North Korean government:

"In the past ten years the development of the international situation has become increasingly unfavorable to U.S. imperialism. Not reconciled to its defeat, U.S. imperialism is resorting to even more sinister and cunning tactics in its continued pursuance of the policies of aggression and war."

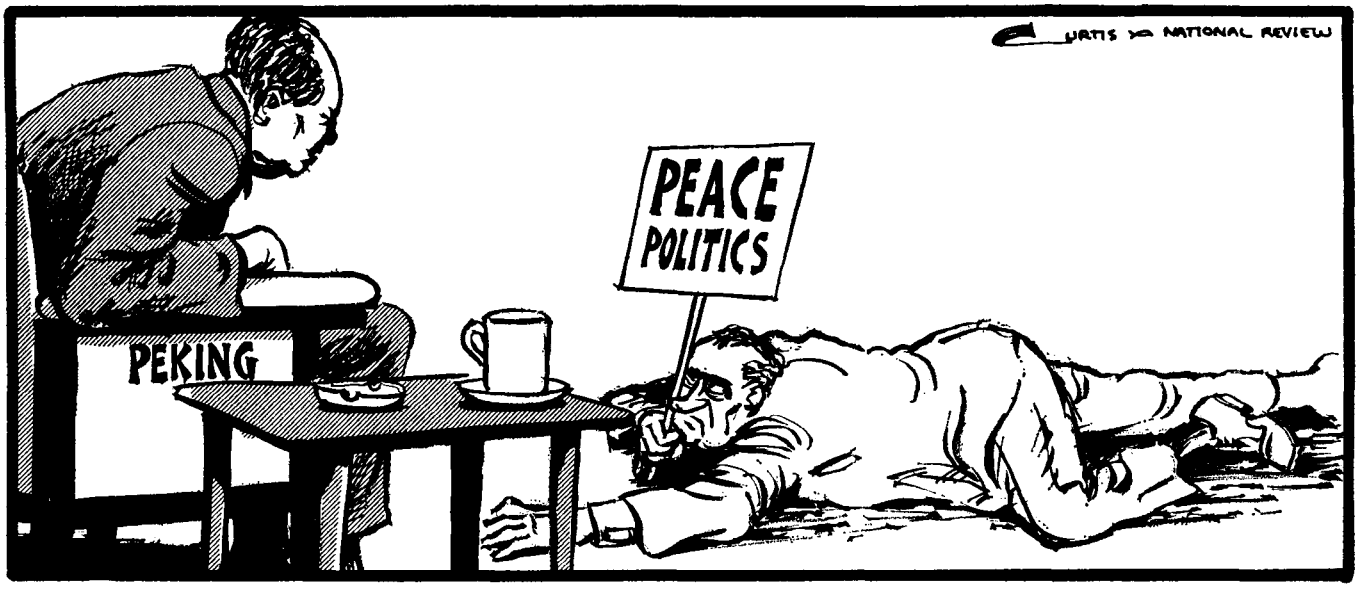
A few days later Chou used a meeting with a group of left-wing U.S. graduate students to explain what *he* aimed to get from the renewing relations with the U.S.: withdrawal of all U.S. forces ("not only all troops, but all military forces and all military installations") from all Southeast Asia, South Korea, Taiwan, Japan—in short, from all Asia and the islands and seas bearing on Asia. In other words: leaving all Eastern and Southeastern Asia open and vulnerable, in a power relationship that would inevitably mean acceptance of the hegemony of Communist China.

The President has thus locked himself into a dilemma. He has aroused expectations of "getting somewhere," showing at least some significant hopeful results, through his overtures to Peking. At the same time, he undoubtedly has no deliberate intention of a catastrophic weakening of Western and U.S. strategic security, or of abandoning our commitments to South Korea, Taiwan, Southeast Asia, and non-Communist East Asia generally. But to make any "progress" with Peking he will have to concede at least something along the lines Peking has laid down in advance. It follows that his Peking turn is going to be either an empty gesture or a prelude to U.S. weakening and losses.

The question of "recognition" is secondary. Nonrecognition of Mao's government was in historical reality merely an expression—perhaps a maladroit expression—of the will to resist further Communist advance. The danger now is that recognition will express a softening and collapse of that will.

5. Who Goes to Whom?

What is most of all disturbing in the President's project is the spatial vector. Who goes, who is gone to? Throughout history, the direction of motion has been a symbol of crucial importance. The Emperor going to Canossa signified the Pope's triumph. It was Chamberlain who



"We have another name for it here."

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went to Munich, not Hitler to Paris or London. Why should it not have been Chou En-lai who voyages to visit the President of the United States in Washington, not the President who, after he "expressed desire to visit the People's Republic of China," was "extended an invitation" which he then accepted "with pleasure"? And why should the President—surely he forgot the words that surrounded that Munich visit—tell us it will be "a journey for peace" in "our efforts to build a lasting peace in the world." So it is to be Peace in Our Time. We will continue to believe, Mr. President, that you are not deluding yourself. Do not seek to delude the rest of us.

Man on the Moon

Once again American man is on his way to the moon. Not Soviet man; not English man; not Japanese man. Not, for all the protestations of the one-worlders, UN man. But American man, going to a place with, however cold, American names. "Weird Crater" isn't exactly "New L.A." but then it isn't "Novaya Siberiya" either. We don't doubt which of the two old-world settlements an astronaut would in a tense moment long for; and never mind that the air in Siberia is unspoiled by the technological advancements of modern living.

A step for man on the moon is, we sense, a giant step for mankind, which is precisely why what is important is that man's step take him in the same direction as he moved when he came to the New World, when he brought forth the new nation, when he fought to preclude Final Solutions. Until some men move in the direction away from old Siberia, old North Vietnam, old East Berlin, old Hungary, mankind should be grateful that it is American man going to the moon.

Media Watch

I. Weighing Regimes

Well, what do you know, life in China today is practically peachy. "Yes," writes Emile Van Heuvel in the *N.Y. Times Sunday Magazine*, "approaching China from the misery of India brings home with stunning force . . . the immensity of the material achievements of Mao Tse-tung's regime." In contrast to last year, the propaganda has been muted, "there is more laughter, more idle chatting, too, in daytime. And much less of the incessant marching. . . . dolls are back again in the gay traditional costumes of China's many nationalities," the people are full of confidence and enthusiasm, the "Mao badges have shrunk," the cops are less conspicuous, "courting couples now look less inhibited about being seen together—even when holding hands." The place is a regular Shangri-La.

If you want to read about a really rotten country, turn the page to the next article, yes, right on the following page. The lousy place is Greece. "For Greeks, almost the only media of political expression left are the willing ears of a foreign journalist. . . . The censorship bears first and hardest on the radio and television networks. . . . By being exiled to an island, a political prisoner can be as effectively cut off from the world as if he had been shipped to an asteroid. . . . Thus is the political will of a nation broken. . . . It is difficult to convey the helplessness and apathy that settles over people who finally realize that there is no hope, no appeal against the arbitrariness of state power. . . . Authoritarianism is woven into the social fabric on all levels. . . . Such a system bears down especially on children, and on women. . . . But in this summer of resignation, one hears the colonels despairingly compared with Franco and Salazar. They are that entrenched."

If you get the message that the Chinese system is preferable to the Greek one, well, you are getting the message. And last week the House Foreign Affairs Committee voted to suspend military aid to Greece.

II. Confessions of Gloria

"I don't remember the face under the steel helmet, only that his voice sounded like a corner of Alabama. He called out to me as I stood watching his platoon move out to another nameless, wet mass of jungle.

" 'Hey, lady, what are you doing here?' the G.I. asked.

"Oh, there are days when I wish I knew.

"I did not answer him. I just grinned and waved, making the V-for-peace sign with two fingers, as I have done a thousand times to men I have never met. . . .

"The machines that make it possible to burn, bomb and gun down any man disgust me.

"I once met a platoon of 'grunts' who, when sent out on a mission to 'close with and destroy' the enemy, hid in bushes and smoked marijuana. They were not looking for the enemy, and they certainly hoped the enemy was not searching for them. I thought then, as I do now, they were saner and more sensible than most of the Army. I wish them well. They saw no reason to be in Vietnam and they did not care which side won."

So writes Gloria Emerson, the *Times*' chief propagandist and sob-sister in Vietnam, in the current *McCall's*.

Wilson Agonistes

George Brown, now Lord George-Brown, Foreign Secretary under the Wilson government, is only the latest Labor Party notable to put pro-Market heat on Harold Wilson. Mr. Wilson, he said last week, "is bound in honor" to support entry unless he "never meant the exercise seriously in the first case." George Brown completes the team: Now every Labor leader associated with the EEC issue under Wilson has espoused the Tory position—Harold Lever, current Labor spokesman on Eu-

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rope, George Thompson, former Minister for Europe, Lord Chalfont, negotiator with the EEC during 1967-68, plus Roy Jenkins, deputy party leader.

Wilson's problem is that the Labor Party apparatus is dominated by the big unions, who call the tune when the party is out of power. They, plus the left wing, are opposed to entry. By espousing their position, and by making speeches which he himself cannot possibly believe, Wilson hopes to keep party division to a minimum and, by no means least important, preserve his own position as leader. This exercise, however, may not accomplish either result. It would, as one London wag remarked, destroy Wilson's credibility if he had any credibility. The party is already split. And support for the Market is gaining strength among Labor voters in the country. Therefore the events of the past week have 1) made it all the more likely that England will enter the EEC when the vote comes, and 2) increased the likelihood that Roy Jenkins will soon succeed Wilson as leader of the party, and 3) made Harold Wilson a strong candidate for editor of the *New Statesman*.

American Bleak House

In his novel *Bleak House*, Charles Dickens provided a memorable picture of a British legal system bogged down in procedural tangles. Meeting in London a few weeks ago, the American Bar Association and its British hosts contemplated the American scene and saw: the current equivalent of Dickens' Court of Chancery. "We face in the United States," said Attorney General John Mitchell, "a situation where the discovery of guilt or innocence is in danger of drowning in a sea of legalisms," and he described the system as a "hydra of excess proceduralisms, archaic formalisms, pretrial motions, appeals, postponements, continuances, collateral attacks, which can have the effect of dragging justice to death and stealing the very life out of the law." Lord Widgery, England's ranking judge, brought down the house with the comment that American burglar alarms might have to be rigged with two wires, one to the police station and one to a lawyer's office, and that there would be a race to see who got to the scene of the crime first.

Both Attorney General Mitchell and Chief Justice Burger noted that America might do well to import some British practices: conviction on a jury vote of ten to two, which would help eliminate the crank and ideological factors; the reduction in the number of possible appeals —the British allow one; the elimination of frivolous appeals—a British appellate judge can throw out an appeal for lack of grounds; and the elimination of mountains of transcripts, briefs, written opinions and so on through the wider use of oral presentation. Perhaps as the heirs of British common law we will now import a little British common sense. Harrumphed the *New York Times*: "One would think that a convention of American lawyers held in the historic home of the common law would devote itself to the large themes of peace through law and of law as the guarantor of individual liberty. But one would be wrong. The leading speakers at the ABA convention have treated the Londoners to a dismaying round of speeches which are petty, parochial and politically tendentious." Thus the *Times* votes for bomfog and more Courts of Chancery.

Let George Romney Play King Canute

Prohibitions against charging "excessive" interest rates are almost as old as recorded history. So is the inevitable response of every economy to such attempts to interfere with the laws of supply and demand. The latest example of this seemingly endless duet is the Department of Housing and Urban Development's refusal to raise the 7 per cent interest-rate ceiling on mortgages guaranteed by the Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans Administration: this at a time when the market rate on mortgage interest has risen close to 8 per cent.

The response to this divergence between the pegged FHA-VA interest rate and the free-market rate has taken two forms. First, we have the familiar increase in "points" on FHA-VA mortgages. Officially, the rate charged by the mortgage lender stays within the ceiling, but the actual amount he lends is less than the amount specified in the mortgage (one "point" means 1 per cent less, two "points" means 2 per cent less, etc.). The result is to increase the real rate of return to the lender to, approximately, the actual market rate.

Since the FHA, in accordance with standard liberal ideology, feels the borrower must be protected from "exploitation," the lender is prohibited from charging would-be home buyers for the points. The seller must therefore absorb the points—which he naturally does by jacking up the price of the house by a compensating amount. Who is fooling whom?

A more recent and creative answer to the foolishness of trying to enforce interest-rate ceilings on insured mortgages has been the accelerated growth of private corporations prepared to do just what the FHA and VA do: insure mortgages so that lenders, such as banks and thrift institutions, are willing to make mortgages with down payments as low as 5 to 10 per cent. In fact, the largest private insurer of this type, the MGIC group of Milwaukee, currently has more than $5 billion of such mortgage insurance in force. Since these are conventional mortgages, made in the market at market rates, points and the elaborate subterfuges that accompany them are generally absent.

Given the obvious vitality of this private mortgage insurance industry and its ability to supplant the FHA and VA guarantee programs, there is a strong case for letting private enterprise take over the entire field. This would permit the FHA to put its not inconsiderable resources to work at the subsidized lower end of the

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A Hard Look At Nixon's Performance

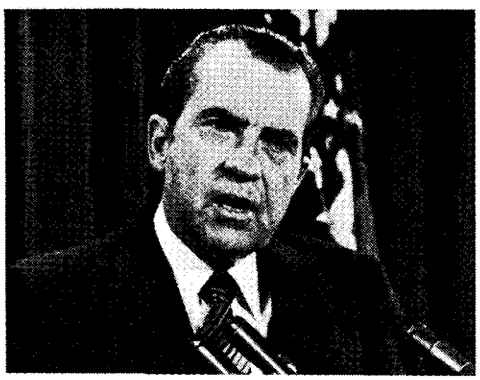
"Richard Nixon has been at the nation's helm for a full year. How has he fared? What has he accomplished of note? Is his Administration liberal, middle-of-the-road, or conservative?" In January 1970 HUMAN EVENTS said the answers were irritatingly vague. Today, 17 months before the 1972 elections, the answers, unfortunately, do not seem nearly so cloudy.

While the President may see himself as pursuing a "middle course" in both foreign and domestic policy, the conclusion is now inescapable that the effect of his decisions and indecisions has been to push this country to the left. The result has been a staggering blow to his more conservative supporters - of which there were millions - and could easily cost the President a second term.

Judging from Nixon's campaign pledges, the philosophy of men like Senators Strom Thurmond, John Tower and Barry Goldwater, who were instrumental in securing his nomination, and the political predilections of the voters who put him in the White House, there was every reason to suppose that the President would march this country down a moderately rightward path.

By "rightward," Nixon supporters believed the President would fight fiercely for a defense posture second to none, would make a strenuous effort to retrench the federal bureaucracy and would seriously strive to rebuild the Republican party along conservative and moderately conservative lines. Regrettably, this has not been the case.

Initially perplexed at the Administration's failure to steer the ship of state starboard, conservative supporters of the President are now angry, disillusioned and near the breaking point. Some ex-advisers to the President - some of whom



were instrumental in putting Nixon in the White House - gathered recently in Washington to translate their disillusionment into positive action, with at least several present expressing their intent to promote a "launch Reagan" drive. A group of youthful conservative members of Young Americans for Freedom has already set up a draft-Reagan headquarters in Houston, Tex. J. Daniel Mahoney, chairman of the powerful New York State Conservative party, is under increasing pressure to stop any endorsement of the President in 1972, despite his party's support for him three years ago. There are even some conservative Republicans extremely concerned about weakened U.S. defenses who are thinking of joining the campaign of Sen. Henry Jackson (D.-Wash.), despite his liberal domestic record. And this just touches on the deep dissatisfaction welling within the conservative wing of the Republican party.

Whether there will be a formal break with the Administration is not all that certain or even that important. What *is* important is that from all available indicators it now appears that the conservatives - the backbone of the GOP, as Vice President Agnew's extraordinarily successful fund-raising efforts in 1970 made abundantly plain - are no longer enamored with President Nixon and/or his Administration. And without this support, Nixon will very probably become the first one-term President since Herbert Hoover.

It is extremely difficult to imagine, for instance, that the conservatives who rallied behind candidate Nixon when he opposed such things as a guaranteed annual income, deficit financing, U.S. nuclear inferiority and Red China's admission to the United Nations will next year wave the flag for a President Nixon who has reversed his field on each of these crucial issues.

There already is, in fact, some statistical evidence strongly suggesting that these conservatives will not be ringing doorbells and stuffing envelopes for the President in '72 as they did in '68. Phyllis Schlafly, the prominent conservative Republican from Illinois and former vice chairman of the National Women's Republican Federation, recently interviewed 3,423 GOP party activists in 50 states and the District of Columbia. She found that "the large majority believe that President Nixon cannot be re-elected if he runs again." These GOP activists, Mrs. Schlafly also reveals, feel alienated from the Administration, with a whopping 37 per cent believing that Richard Nixon is not doing anything very different from what Hubert Humphrey would have done.

Significantly, judging from discussions here in Washington and from the mail received by a variety of conservative organizations, including HUMAN EVENTS, an increasing number of conservatives are beginning to think the unthinkable: that a Nixon defeat in 1972 might not be so catastrophic after all. These conservatives reason that it would be better to have a liberal Administration, with all the consequences that might bring, than to permit Richard Nixon to destroy the Republican party as a vehicle for conservatism.

A Republican party out of power, so this theory goes, would, as in the past, lustily combat the proposals of a liberal Democratic regime. But President Nixon, it is noted, has been able to still normal Republican resentment against liberal programs by serving them up in GOP bunting. Thus it is argued that the

(Continued on page 5)

Newspader

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The National Review Papers

The surprise is widespread that the Associated Press, the UPI and the *Washington Post*—whose resources on the East Coast are extensive—did not detect the NATIONAL REVIEW Papers as technically fictitious (they were certainly not substantively fictitious). In fact no one was more surprised than the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW. Here is why we did not believe that the papers would go unpenetrated for more than an hour or two:

1. We affixed, to several of the documents, the names of live and altogether accessible people. We assumed that one or two or three or more of these, upon being contacted, would say simply that they had not written these documents, and that the story would thereupon crumble.

2. Three days before the magazine was published, we sent out, by first-class mail, six thousand letters to friends of the magazine, tipping them off to what we were up to. We thought it unlikely that there would be no communication between one of our friends and a member of the press.

What we did not count on was the extraordinary performance of the gentlemen with whom the Associated Press and the *New York Times* and others were subsequently in touch. In at least five identified cases, the individual refused to disavow the paper. Their refusals were interpreted by the press as suggesting that we were dead on target. I.e., that the gentlemen could not confidently disavow seven-year-old memoranda—because it was altogether possible that the memoranda were genuine.

We gave Tuesday A.M. as the release time. Exactly 24 hours later, perplexed—and fascinated—that the fiction had not been penetrated, I called a press conference to reveal the deception.

It is strange that the *New York Times*, which characterizes itself as the newspaper of record—and indeed is just that—while devoting many column inches to the hoax, should have failed to relay the passage from my own statement giving the reasons for NATIONAL REVIEW's publication of the papers:

The editors' purpose was to make several demonstrations:

1. That the Pentagon and the CIA are not composed of incompetents—the unwarranted conclusion to which many Americans and non-Americans were led by the fragmentary revelations of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*:

To demonstrate—as could only be done through this device:

2. That forged documents would be widely accepted as genuine provided their content was inherently plausible. (This, as I note, we demonstrated far beyond our own expectations.) We have proved that it was inherently plausible that back before the Vietnam war erupted in 1965, American strategic consultants made a few basic recommendations:

a. That the challenge in Southeast Asia be considered as an aspect of the global challenge to the West, not a local affair.

b. That North Vietnam had to be neutralized before South Vietnam could be tranquilized.

c. That only hard and conclusive action against North Vietnam, as distinguished from incremental escalation, would accomplish this purpose, and minimize American casualties.

d. That a knowledge of the American character is fundamental to any strategic calculations: and that Americans do not know how to handle long, slow wars.

The net demonstration—based on the certitude that these papers are merely paraphrases of documents that actually do reside in government archives is

3. That the U.S. military and intelligence did not fail us during the crucial years. The failure was a failure of will: a political failure.

Curiously, both the *Washington Post* and the Associated Press headlined the paper in which CINCPAC advocated a "demonstration" nuclear drop outside Haiphong harbor. I say curiously, because it would almost appear as if the editors had not read the authentic Pentagon Papers, wherein it was revealed several weeks ago in their own pages that the Joint Chiefs of Staff went much further than to recommend a "demonstration" nuclear drop to which the NATIONAL REVIEW Papers alluded. Paper Number Ten—excerpts from a memorandum from Admiral Radford to the Secretary of Defense, Charles Wilson, dated May 26, 1954, under the heading "Studies with respect to possible U.S. action regarding Indochina"—read in part: "in the light of this concept (i.e., U.S. intervention in Indochina), the major courses of action would be as follows: a. employing atomic weapons, whenever advantageous . . ." so that NATIONAL REVIEW's demonstration was, in fact, a hypothetical de-escalation.

We consider that the demonstration the editors sought to make has been made, more successfully even than we hoped. Precisely because the papers were plausible, no one directly challenged the papers' authenticity. Indeed, it is possible that there will be those who believe that the retraction is the true hoax.

Those who will want to question the methods we used in order to make our demonstration, may proceed to do so. We admit that we proceeded in something of an ethical vacuum. The *New York Times* has instructed us that it is permissible to traffic in stolen documents. But they have not yet instructed us on whether it is permissible to traffic in forged documents. It is reported that the editors are divided on the issue. I take the opportunity to point out that there were no personal victims of the NATIONAL REVIEW Papers but, we like to believe, many beneficiaries. —WFB

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housing market, if that is where government support for housing is really needed.

Which consideration leads us to the reverse of the proposition we started from. If the FHA-VA ceiling gets far enough out of line with the market rate, the government program would find few if any takers, points or no points. So maybe, with that prospect, we ought to urge HUD chief George Romney *not* to change his ceiling rate.

Alan Paton: Revisions

South Africa's leading novelist Alan Paton, for years, especially in America, the symbol of opposition to South Africa's racial policies, almost immemorially trotted out to testify to the horror of it all, appears to have revised considerably his attitude toward apartheid, now called "separate development"—a plan already partially implemented, to give the seven main African-language groups so-called homelands within South Africa. In an interview published in the London *Times*, but ignored by the American media, Paton made it clear that he sees a good many serious problems in the separate development idea, and he expressed doubts about whether cultural autonomy is practicable under conditions of economic interdependence. Still, he said, separate development is "worth a try," and characterized his attitude now as being one of "well, let's try this, see what happens." He thought it might "bring about improvements in the political and economic status of Africans which would never have been brought about by that Supreme Parliament acting alone."

When the *Times*' correspondent noted that this seemed to be quite a shift from the position he had taken as president of South Africa's Liberal Party prior to 1968, Paton replied: "You must remember that to be a member of a party means that there are certain categories in which you cannot allow yourself to think at all. You've got to be loyal to your party. You've got to do things that you perhaps don't think are wise or sensible. . . . Not being confined to a particular ideology you can speculate about these things, which you cannot do otherwise."

The South African dilemma thus breaks through the carapace of ideology. It is no more plausible to ask South Africa's white minority to submerge its European culture in that of the African majority than it would be to ask the United States to submit its own destiny to a global one-man one-vote. (Consider the difficulties currently being encountered by the Heath government in getting English public opinion to support even *economic* integration with *Europe*.) And yet the long-range future in South Africa surely demands something other than naked white supremacy. Therefore, as Paton says, let us see.

Paton's comments on the inhibitions to thought posed by party membership are eloquent and doubtless pertinent. But, more generally, it is also wise to be cautious about the political pronouncements of rising novelists and other artists, who, as a matter of self-preservation, have one eye on the market and another on the reviewers, commentators and so on who establish reputations. See Hemingway's behavior during the Spanish Civil War. Consider the fate of James Gould Cozzens, who refused to conform ideologically. But Alan Paton appears to be free at last, and he's working on a biography of Roy Campbell.

Notes & Asides

■ July 14, 1971
Roger Moore
(Chairman, Board of Directors, NATIONAL REVIEW)
Dear Roger: In surveying the carnage resulting from the publication of the Pentagon Papers by the *New York Times* and others, the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW experienced a particular frustration in the light of our knowledge that there are plenty of papers in Washington which were written and circulated in the early mid-Sixties which were well grounded in reality. Documents that said among other things a) that the crisis in Southeast Asia was part of the global challenge to America, not to be confused with a mere local insurrection; b) that a failure to cope with that challenge would lead to the collapse of a network of treaties which are the scaffolding of Western security; c) that for military, psychological and cultural reasons, we must react against that threat with dispatch, and with resolution. How do we know such documents exist? Because each of us knows one or more, in some cases a half-dozen or more, men highly situated in the Pentagon, in the CIA, in the White House, who came to these conclusions, and who pressed them during the period in question. It is unreasonable to suppose that they did not reduce them to writing.

How to get hold of them? Impossible, of course, since our side does not tend to produce Ellsbergs—or Alcibiades. We thought, then, to compose them ourselves, and that's exactly what we did, drawing on the staff of *NR* and one or two of its associates who have had intimate experience with government. And to produce them as though they were authentic. This we deem a warranted hoax, because those who come on these documents under this dramatic dispensation will read them in a particular way. It won't be long before they discover that they are fraudulent: the news is sure to get out. But even so, the documents' intelligence, their inherent plausibility, the sure hold they exhibit on the nature of the world crisis, on the provenance of the Vietnam crisis, on the character of the American people—are best appreciated seeing them on stage, written back in the Sixties. We all know

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that when the third act comes, Macbeth and his lady will die. But we relish the enactment, and it will prove, I think you will agree, theatrically and intellectually invigorating to read these documents, in the July 27 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, as though they had actually come to you from the womb of the Central Intelligence Agency. And who knows, maybe they did? Maybe the hoax is this letter? Enjoy yourself and help us keep the secret.

With cordial regards, Bill

■ William Randolph Hearst Jr., weekly column for all Hearst papers, July 25:

New York—One of the most sensationally successful spoofs in the history of American journalism was staged this week—a put-on which deserves special attention here both because of its delightful novelty and because of various valuable lessons it should teach.

Anyone who doubts the validity of that old saying, that many a true word is spoken in jest, might well change his mind after considering the witty and sardonic stunt pulled by NATIONAL REVIEW.

Buckley said the fake papers were forged to prove they "would be widely accepted as genuine provided their content was inherently plausible," adding that such subsequent acceptance as occurred "contributes to a general understanding of the limited reflexes of the press."

It was a devastating indictment, and one which should be heeded by editors who gave so much space to the antiwar propaganda recently distilled from the Pentagon Papers and presented as news by the liberal press.

Meanwhile, be it noted, the hoax was so brilliantly composed and presented that both major news services and two national television networks were taken in—as was the prestigious *Washington Post* and its national bureau which had made such a play of the Pentagon Papers.

The pressures of time can excuse the wire services for being fooled—along with the papers which print their dispatches in good faith. The same thing cannot be said of the *Post*, which made its own two-day study of the NATIONAL REVIEW "disclosures" and swallowed the bait —hook, line and sinker.

Bill Buckley's most satisfying moment, in fact, must have come when he found that the arch-liberal *Post*, on Wednesday, solemnly summarized his right-wing imaginings as accepted truth in a front-page, two-column headline and byline story by one of its own writers.

As was pointed out earlier in this column, many a true word is spoken in jest—and it is precisely because there was much truth behind the Buckley joke that it was accepted as fact, just as he predicted. [There follows a précis of one of the papers.]

. . . When the goal of a war becomes clouded, as is the case in the Vietnam conflict, cohesion of American resolve and effective action becomes all but impossible—as the busy Communist propagandists have known from the start.

So that's what I meant when I said there was a whole lot of truth buried in Mr. Buckley's spoof—and that's why it has been given this space today.

■ From the *Tampa Tribune*, July 23: NATIONAL REVIEW has, we think, presented the nation an effective lesson not unlike the Latin American axiom which says "statistics are poetry." There's likewise a sort of poetry in the Pentagon Papers, he's saying, read into them between the lines—and in the gaps left by the omissions.

■ From the *National Observer*, July 26: The forgeries were good ones—the bureaucratic mangling of the language rang true. But making it sound that way was "an arduous challenge," Mr. Buckley said. He wouldn't say who really wrote what.

Nevertheless, the *Review* dropped occasional hints to careful readers. In what purports to be an excerpt from a confidential memo written by Douglas Pike and Frank Trager for Assistant Secretary of State William P. Bundy, the Vietcong is described as "the hard hats (because of the fibre-board Vietminh helmets worn . . .)."

But, in fact, the Vietcong were not called that—the term did not take on a political meaning until the spring of 1970, when Manhattan construction workers

Days of Ping-pong and Carrots

PLEDGES OF THE CAMPAIGN (RECORD OF THE OFFICE)
FREE THE ECONOMY! (GUARANTEE THE INCOME)
THE WAY TO PLEASE EVERYBODY
IS TO MAKE THINGS
PERFECTLY CLEAR
OSTRACIZE BUTCHERS (BUILD BRIDGES)
REDUCE (ALL-TIME) (SPENDING BUDGET)
STRICT CONSTRUCTIONISM (BUT WATCH WHAT I DO)
FISCAL RESPONSIBILITY (IN A KEYNESIAN)
HONOR OUR COMMITMENTS (DUMP EXCESS BAGGAGE)
RETREAT? NEVER! (EMBRACE THE RED WORLD)
STRENGTHEN OUR DEFENSES (WITH MEN WE WON'T NEED ANY)

"Agility at reversals may mean agility at reversing reversals!"

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in hard hats fought with youthful demonstrators at the World Trade Center in Lower Manhattan.

But if newspapers were chagrined, the men in whose names the forgeries were composed were both chagrined and confused. Dean Rusk, who was Secretary of State for both Kennedy and Johnson; Dean Acheson, Secretary of State for President Truman and a supporter of U.S. policy in Vietnam; as well as Professor Trager at first couldn't remember whether they had written the documents.

Neither could Elbridge Durbrow, the American ambassador to Saigon, whose name was put to a letter reviewing the history of Communist uses of liberation fronts elsewhere in the world. "It's what I think," Dr. Durbrow said.

Most of the newsmen who questioned Mr. Buckley had themselves been taken in; they had written stories under their names. Their questioning was petulant and hostile. Mr. Buckley was his usual self, combative and pleased with himself, and ready with the needle.

■ From *Wilmington* (Del.) *Morning News*, July 24:

It was not so much the hoax perpetrated by the NATIONAL REVIEW in printing phony secret Vietnam documents that was amusing. What was funny was the reaction both to the printing and to the revelation of fakery.

One of the most intriguing aspects of the whole affair was the inability of most of the people who were purported by the NATIONAL REVIEW to be authors of their documents to deny categorically that authorship. That fact lends a certain credibility to Mr. Buckley's contention that something very similar to the documents made up by the *Review*'s editors does or did indeed exist somewhere.

If nothing else, the NATIONAL REVIEW hoax was refreshingly mischievous. Everyone and every institution has a tendency to take himself and itself too seriously sometimes. It is good occasionally to be reminded of that.

Examine the particulars of Mr. Buckley's hoax and his justifications of it, and the temptation is to dismiss the whole thing as something ill-considered, childish and in bad taste.

But take the broad view and the rascally episode comes off as somehow delightful in a gnomish sort of way. Giving the fat, pompous old man a hot foot is a rather crass trick perhaps; yet stifling a chuckle, or at least a smile isn't easy.

■ *La Tribune de Genève*, July 24: LES DOCUMENTS DU PENTAGONE PUBLIES PAR LA NATIONAL REVIEW ETAIENT DES FAUX. La déclaration faite mercredi par William Buckley a causé une vive surprise. [Buckley] a une grande réputation de sérieux dans la profession.

■ Mr. Ben Bagdikian
Editor, The *Washington Post*
Dear Mr. Bagdikian: Inasmuch as it transpires that the papers that were published are not in fact government documents, but NATIONAL REVIEW documents, and inasmuch as you published approximately two thousand words from these papers, would you be agreeable to paying us the usual reprint fee? I would suggest $150. An early remittance would be greatly appreciated. Yours faithfully, WFB

■ The *Washington Post*
July 23, 1971
Dear Mr. Buckley:

Some impostor has written me a silly letter over what is undoubtedly your forged signature on what purports to be a NATIONAL REVIEW letterhead. I write you in the spirit of Christian charity so that you may report this counterfeit to the authorities. The fraudulent letter unfairly makes you appear ridiculous, thus damaging your reputation for probity and responsibility.

Furthermore, the person or persons who sent me the letter were not only so pretentious as to masquerade as you, but they demanded $150 for our having reprinted your jolly reprise of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang. You and I both realize that you advertised your goods as "Top Secret . . . Highly Classified Documents" and whoever posed as you in my letter would be delighted if I sent the money and you were then cited by the Better Business Bureau for accepting money under false pretenses. It is in difficult times like these that journalists must stand together. Sincerely, Ben Bagdikian

Calling Art Buchwald. Au secours! —*WFB*

■ Dear Bill:

You mean to say, the rest of the magazine *isn't* a hoax? Oh my God! James Stevenson
The *New Yorker*

—**WFB**

Rx for Unhappiness

I was not very happy with Mr. Agnew in 1968, and I don't know that I will be any happier in 1972.
—Senator Jacob Javits

Dear Senator Javits:

A glass of iced tea
(Enlivened with bourbon) works wonders for me.
I understand Yoga is good for the spleen.
Soft ice cream is helpful, and so is caffeine.
The steam room's a solace along with massage.
Try skipping away with the wife to the lodge.
Try Nathan's at Coney; try blintzes already!
Try Mao (he's in) or perhaps Mrs. Eddy.
If after all this you remain in the dumps,
Remember, at sixty you *don't* have the mumps.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Was there or was there not hanky-panky in the CBS documentary on the Pentagon? Read on and then decide whether Spiro Agnew was right or wrong in attacking it

The Selling of the Selling of the Pentagon

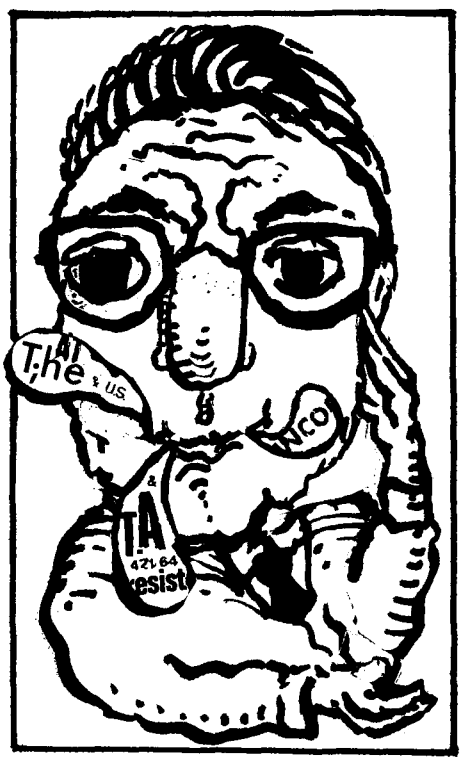
REED J. IRVINE

THE much-criticized CBS documentary, *The Selling of the Pentagon*, has focused a powerful spotlight on the way in which TV editors can and do distort reality. The editing practices used by CBS in *The Selling of the Pentagon* were so egregious that even the *Washington Post* joined with Vice President Agnew in condemning them. Congressman Harley O. Staggers, whose Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee is responsible for legislation pertaining to broadcasting, launched an investigation to determine if new laws were needed to outlaw misleading editing practices by the television news departments.

CBS fought back. Even though CBS had previously honored Committee subpoenas for unused video-tapes and films ("outtakes") the network suddenly decided that such subpoenas were an invasion of its rights under the First Amendment. This was a bold move, and CBS realized that some fast manipulation of public opinion would be required to overcome the heavy weight of law and precedent arrayed against it.

CBS dispatched letters to newspapers, professional associations of journalists, editors and publishers, schools of journalism and their faculties, seeking their support without informing them of the essential facts. Emotions were aroused about an alleged threat to the First Amendment and the sanctity of reporters' notes. The impression was created that the Staggers investigation was seeking to stifle criticism of the government, which was totally false.

The CBS campaign succeeded. Although CBS had clearly defied a subpoena issued by a congressional committee as part of an investigation with a valid legislative purpose, the House



of Representatives refused to uphold its own authority. It repudiated by a vote of 226 to 181 the action taken by the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee.

Thanks to CBS' refusal to answer any questions about the editing practices used in *The Selling of the Pentagon*, the public lost sight of the main issue involved in this controversy. If it were understood, the public might well demand that the Staggers Committee carry out its investigation vigorously and that Congress insist on full cooperation from CBS. CBS, incidentally, has implicitly admitted the validity of many of the criticisms by issuing new operating standards for its personnel, which, if effective then, would have prevented some of the worst abuses in *The Selling of the Pentagon*. One directive in the new operating standards requires that "if the answer to one question asked of an interviewed person is taken from a reply to another question, the viewer must be so advised." However, now that Congress has pulled the rug from under its own investigative committee, it is feared that the broadcasters may be less observant of their self-imposed codes in the future than they have been in the past.

The Magic of Television

The editing issue can be illustrated by these words written by Fred W. Friendly, a former president of CBS News and currently a professor of broadcast journalism at Columbia University. In a recent article in *Harper's* on *The Selling of the Pentagon*, Mr. Friendly said:

> The quake that rocked CBS after the televising of the documentary, *The Selling of the Pentagon*, should have surprised no one. There is no doubt that in making *The Selling of the Pentagon* CBS was guilty of errors of fact and oversimplifications. The Vice President suggested that the "many references to the 'colonels' as though they were part of a totalitarian junta [and] the assembly of their statements totally out of context were propaganda devices worse than those CBS accuses the Pentagon employees of."

Those are Mr. Friendly's words but he did not write the sentences in that order, and they were not juxtaposed in his original text. A word has been dropped here and there to improve the "flow" of the statement. No ellipsis has been used to show the omission of words or entire sentences. This would spoil the effect, since it might create

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some doubt that Mr. Friendly was being quoted accurately.

This is a very unfair and misleading quotation from Mr. Friendly's article. Indeed, it is not a quotation at all. It is a synthetic statement created from Mr. Friendly's words and designed to give a misleading impression of what he said.

The wizardry of electronics is such that if Mr. Friendly had given his article as a speech that was video-taped, the tape could have been edited to show Mr. Friendly actually uttering the above synthetic statement.

This was what was done by CBS in *The Selling of the Pentagon*, not to Mr. Friendly, to be sure, but to Assistant Secretary of Defense Daniel Z. Henkin and to Colonel John MacNeil of the U.S. Marine Corps.

Mr. Friendly thinks that the criticism of the rearrangement of the words of Mr. Henkin and Colonel MacNeil to create synthetic statements is a tempest in a teapot. To him, this is just normal television editing. "I give the editing a clean bill of health," he said.

A Stacked Deck

How high are Mr. Friendly's standards?

Mr. Friendly provided the readers of *Harper's* with two examples of the CBS editing of Mr. Henkin's remarks. They happened to be the two that were subject to the least criticism. One was a straightforward excerpt from a statement by Mr. Henkin, which he himself said did not involve any substantial change in the meaning. The other involved the dropping of four words at the end of a sentence, a deletion that Mr. Henkin felt did substantially alter the tone of what he said.

Mr. Friendly does not think the deletion was important, but CBS went to some trouble and expense to excise those four words. *Someone* thought it was worth the trouble.

The more serious charges of misleading editing relate to the creation of synthetic statements like the one at the beginning of this article and the related omission of a key element in the Mudd-Henkin interview. Mr. Friendly chose to skip over these more controversial examples of television editing, even though they had been the target of strong editorial criticism by the *Washington Post*.

Two of the synthetic statements were created from answers to questions that Roger Mudd of CBS put to Assistant Secretary Henkin. Here is how the interview actually went.

> MUDD: What about your public display of military equipment at state fairs and shopping centers? What purpose does that serve?
>
> HENKIN: Well, I think it serves the purpose of informing the public about their Armed Forces. It also has the ancillary benefit, I would hope, of stimulating interest in recruiting as we move or try to move to zero draft calls and increased reliance on volunteers for our Armed Forces. I think it is very important that American youth have an opportunity to learn about the Armed Forces.

CBS took this simple, straightforward reply, which was paragraph 73 in the transcript of the Mudd-Henkin interview, and excised all but the first sentence. It picked up part of a statement Mr. Henkin made in paragraph 88 of the transcript, in answer to a very different question, and grafted this on to the one sentence that was left of paragraph seventy-three. The result was that Mr. Henkin was shown answering a question about the purpose of displaying military equipment with a statement describing the right of the American people to have speakers talk to them about such things as budget, drug and racial problems in the Armed Forces. This made the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs appear incapable of answering a simple question with a pertinent answer. This impression was reinforced by the CBS treatment of the follow-up question.

Roger Mudd asked whether sergeants standing next to rockets at exhibits gave out information about budget, drug and racial problems in the Armed Forces. Mr. Henkin replied: "No, I didn't—wouldn't limit that to sergeants standing next to any kind of exhibits. I knew—I thought we were discussing speeches and all." They were discussing "speeches and all," but that sentence had to come out of the edited tape. If it had been left in, the audience might have suspected that the seemingly silly answer Mr. Henkin had given to the previous question was actually an answer to a different question. And so the second sentence of paragraph 92 was deleted, and the first sentence of paragraph 89 was substituted for it, though it was a very bad fit.

If nothing else, Mr. Henkin has a legitimate grievance against CBS for making him look incompetent, if not silly. However, there is more to it than this. Mr. Henkin's statement in paragraphs 88 and 89 of the transcript, the paragraphs that were so badly mutilated in the editing by CBS, contained a key idea that challenged the basic assumption underlying *The Selling of the Pentagon*. This got lost in the shuffle.

The Blue Pencil

The CBS documentary was based on the assumption that the Defense Department had no business informing the public of the reasons why the United States needs a strong military defense establishment. To CBS, this was "Pentagon propaganda." One finds criticism galore of Defense efforts along these lines in the CBS documentary, but there is not a single statement explaining that it might be a good idea to tell the American public why it is necessary for them to make heavy sacrifices for the sake of national defense. It seems incredible that this key issue was treated so one-sidedly by CBS. It was not because CBS could not find anyone who would defend such a program. Mr. Henkin defended it in his interview with Roger Mudd, and, by odd coincidence, one of his statements on this key issue was embodied in those two paragraphs that CBS broke up and used, in part, as answers to entirely different questions.

Roger Mudd had asked Mr. Henkin to comment on the criticism that the Defense Department's informational activities were creating "in the minds of the citizen a dependence, or an acceptance, of the military and what it represents, as a way to solve problems." In other words, were the informational activities of the Defense Department persuading the public that military preparedness was necessary? The heart of Mr. Henkin's long reply went like this:

> I believe that the American public has the right to request information about the Armed Forces, to have speakers come before them, to ask questions, and to understand the need for our Armed Forces, why we ask for the funds that we do ask for, how we spend these funds, what are we doing about such problems as drugs . . . what we are doing about the racial problem in the Armed Forces . . . I think the public has a valid right to ask us these questions. Not only in the big cities but throughout the country and to the extent that our resources permit, I be-

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lieve we should respond to these requests. And I also believe that we have an obligation to inform, discuss with the American public the problems that we confront, problems such as the increasing Soviet threat. Now there are those that contend that this is propaganda. I don't—do not agree with this.

Here CBS had a reasonably good statement attesting to the need for an information program that would tell the public why it was necessary to spend large sums of money for defense. It was not a thorough statement, standing alone, but Mr. Henkin expanded on it in replying to a subsequent question, stating:

> I go back to my basic conviction—and it is one that I held since I first began covering this building in the early days of, just before World War II—that our national strength depends upon an informed public to a large extent.

What did CBS do with this important statement on what should have been one of the key issues discussed in *The Selling of the Pentagon*?

As we have seen, it took the first part of Mr. Henkin's reply and attached it to a question about displays of military equipment at state fairs, making the reply seem irrelevant and even silly. It deleted Mr. Henkin's statement about the duty of the Defense Department to inform the public of such problems as the increasing Soviet threat. It transposed the denial that this kind of informational activity was propaganda, using it as part of a reply to another question about the function of sergeants standing by rockets at state fairs, where it did not appear as a challenge to the CBS contention that arguments in favor of military preparedness were propaganda. Mr. Henkin's statement about national strength depending on an informed public was not used at all.

Cut and Paste

Was this really innocent editing, designed only to "give the interview pace and to make it interesting," to use Mr. Friendly's description? Did it preserve the original meaning and context? It is clear that many people don't think so.

Accuracy in Media, a Washington-based, nonpartisan organization dedicated to the improvement of accuracy in news reporting, contends that the editing of Mr. Henkin's answers by CBS was a violation of Article IV, Section 23 of the Television Code of the National Association of Broadcasters. This article reads: "No program shall be presented in a manner which through artifice or simulation would mislead the audience as to any material fact."

Accuracy in Media filed a complaint with the Code Authority of the National Association of Broadcasters, charging that the rearrangement of Mr. Henkin's replies to the CBS questions involved the use of artifice to mislead the viewing audience. It made a similar charge with respect to the editing of Colonel MacNeil's speech. The response of the Code Authority to this complaint does nothing to bear out Mr. Friendly's contention that there was nothing misleading about the editing. Had the complaint been frivolous, one might expect the Code Authority to dismiss it for lack of adequate foundation. In this case the Authority refused to take any disciplinary action against CBS, not on the ground that the complaint was baseless, but on the ground that in some unexplained way the First Amendment was a barrier to the Authority's enforcement of the Code insofar as news programs were concerned. The Authority explained that in the news area, the Code standards had long been interpreted as merely exhortation. This led Accuracy in Media to the conclusion that the NAB Code provided the viewers no protection whatsoever against the use of artifice to mislead viewers of television news programs as to material facts.

While the Code Authority declined even to say whether or not CBS' editing practices were acceptable under the Television Code, the *Washington Post* had no difficulty in finding them incompatible with good journalistic practice. After describing what CBS did to Colonel MacNeil's speech, the *Post* in an editorial of March 31, 1971 said this was not "editing" in any conventional sense and that it was likely to undermine the broadcast's credibility. The *Post* also strongly criticized the rearrangement of the replies of Mr. Henkin to Mr. Mudd's questions, saying that this would also have a damaging effect on public confidence.

The synthetic statement CBS created for Colonel MacNeil was an even more remarkable production than those created for Mr. Henkin. Only two of the sentences out of the six making up this six-sentence statement had actually been contiguous in the text of the Colonel's prepared speech. Moreover, the two contiguous sentences had been presented by Colonel MacNeil as part of a quotation from former Premier Souvanna Phouma of Laos. CBS gave no indication that these words had been attributed to the former Laotian premier.

Accuracy in Media, in its complaint to the Code Authority said:

> CBS showed Col. MacNeil giving a speech. It led into his remarks with this statement: "The Army has a regulation stating: Personnel should not speak on the foreign policy implications of U.S. involvement in Vietnam." Immediately following this Col. MacNeil was shown delivering the following sentences, seem-

(Continues on page 884)

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MADISON AVENUE

The Unselling of the Vietnam War

PATRICK D. MAINES

ANY DAY NOW, you should be seeing on TV, and reading in newspapers and magazines, advertising copy urging a quick end to the Vietnam war and asking that you write your congressman to that effect forthwith. If you're lucky, you may miss some of the more extreme of these ads, such as one that pictures two black GIs under the caption, "The only time we're in the front is when it's time to die."

Potentially, at least, this is the biggest campaign ever launched with the aim of putting pressure on Washington. Its promoters are seeking its appearance in no less than eight thousand media—TV, radio, newspapers, magazines.

It all started—as first reported by the *New York Times* in March—when Ira Nerken, Yale junior, after viewing CBS's *The Selling of the Pentagon*, decided that something should be done to "balance" Pentagon power. Through one of his instructors, William Zinsser, a sometime free-lance writer for *Life*, he met with David McCall, president of the advertising agency of LaRoche, McCaffrey & McCall, and the Committee To Help Unsell the War began evolving on an ad hoc basis.

"Men and women of the advertising agency business" were solicited to "create advertising in all forms that will help unsell the war." Meanwhile a number of prominent men, representing some of the largest advertising agencies, joined the Committee, adorning its letterhead.

By May 31, the ads were prepared and on June 7 the Committee's new stationery conveyed a form letter to broadcasters and publications, signed by James McCaffrey, chairman of the agency of which McCall is president, and by Maxwell Dane, of the redoubtable Doyle Dane Bernbach, creators of the fabled Volkswagen campaign (and the famous one of a little girl picking daisies during the Johnson-Goldwater campaign), and often referred to as the best agency in the country.

On the letter were listed the names of the "advertising agency committee"—41 men and one woman, under whose names appeared their titles and agency affiliations . . . no fewer than thirty with the title of president or chairman. The letter was a masterpiece. "The purpose of Unsell is clear," it said. "What those of us involved are trying to do is show that many *individuals* in the advertising agency business . . . have at least one thing in common: a distaste for continuing the war in Vietnam under *any* circumstances." (Emphases theirs.)

The letter went on to bemoan "the sheer weight of Federal Government promotion and propaganda" and to suggest that Unsell "is an effort to tell the other side of the story." Finally, the Committee had no money, and was therefore appealing to media for space or time free of charge.

NATIONAL REVIEW was among the organizations that received the appeal, to which I replied:

> What is wrong and totally unsound about Unsell is not that a group of private citizens has organized against the Vietnam war. What is wrong and unsound is not even the addleheaded premise that Unsell is needed to "balance" the public record—a record already heavily weighted against the war by most of the nation's media. . . .
>
> I suggest that you are going beyond your responsible roles as individuals and parading the might of your agencies' multi-million dollar buying power—as a means of coercing support for a political point of view.
>
> I do not know how many publishers or broadcasters will schedule free space or time for Unsell. I do know that some organizations will be doing it not because they agree with Unsell's position on the war but because they will hope by so doing to curry favor with the massive buying-power you and your colleagues' organizations represent.

ON JUNE 22, Philip H. Dougherty, the *New York Times*' advertising columnist, reported that the Committee's letter had pulled "fairly surprising support from the media. The number who have returned postcards agreeing to run antiwar advertising (sight unseen) stands at 192, with 36 additional asking to see the advertising first."

He added that the appeal had "evoked at least one angry retort":

> Writing to the committee, Patrick D. Maines, ad director of NATIONAL REVIEW, says it is "wrong" and "despicable" that "a group of people distinguished only for their ability to deliver advertisements—the lifeblood of publishing—are soliciting favors from precisely those who depend on your presumably detached and objective analyses of their media."

Next day, June 23, came a reply from Mr. Dane:

> You use strong language in turning down the request for space for Unsell—which is certainly your right. We feel, in spite of your comments, that many publishers and broadcasters agree with our point of view and will welcome the opportunity to press for an early end to an unpopular war which has done great harm at home.
>
> You continue to refer to Unsell as a political action. I, and those who are associated with Unsell, regard it as a humanitarian act to stop bloodshed, suffering and devastation.
>
> I heartily disagree with the views and inferences rampant in your letter but I do respect your frankness in expressing them.

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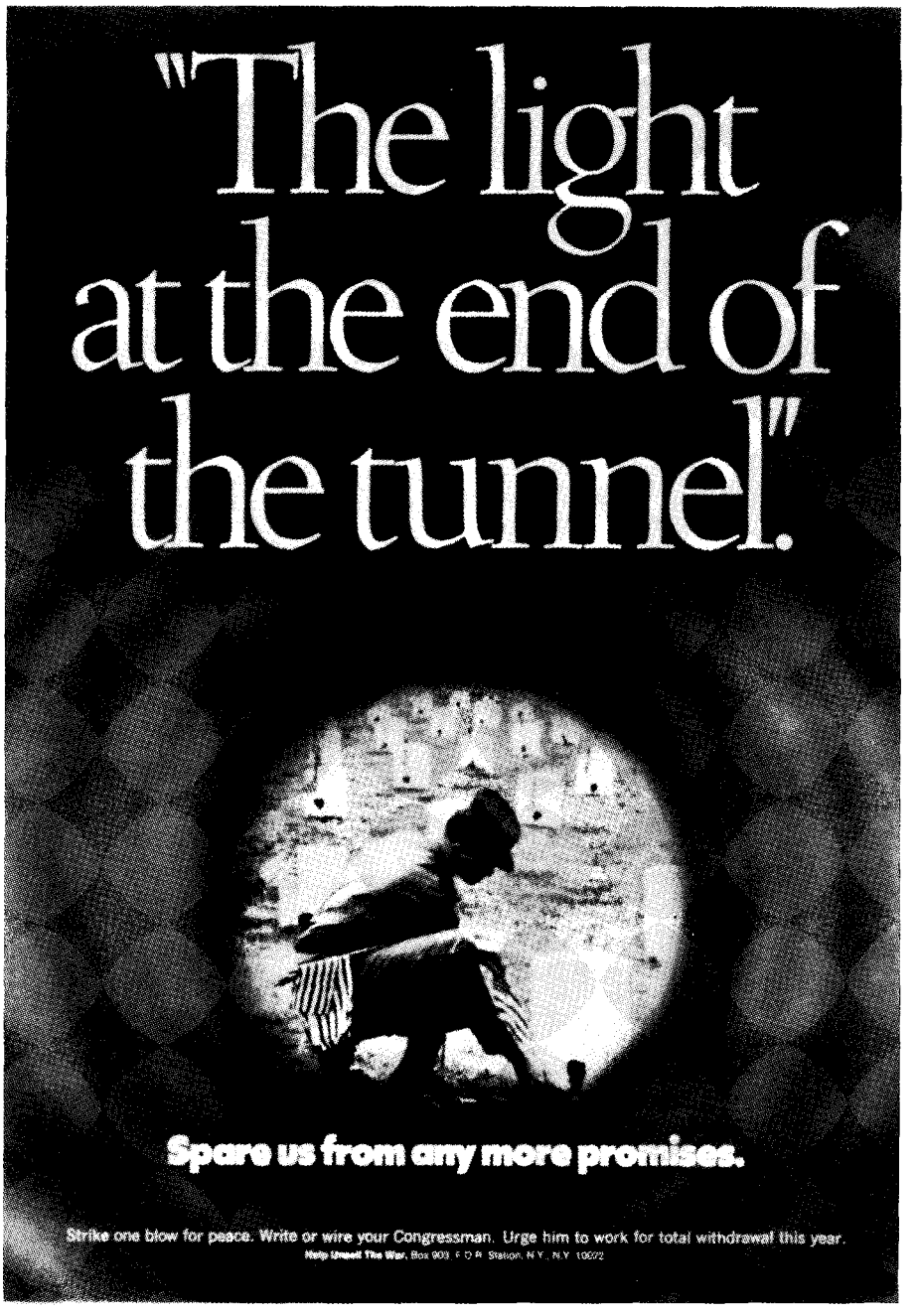
So far, only Mr. Dane among the Unsell people, seems to have the courage of his convictions. At press time, we have heard neither from Mr. McCaffrey nor from any other member of the Committee, most of whom are certain to have read our "angry retort" in the June 22 Dougherty column in the *N.Y. Times*.

Clearly, however, Mr. Dane deserved a rejoinder, to wit:

> Your response . . . is based entirely on the ideology of the campaign's appeal, and in no way responds to my charge of the irresponsible flaunting of agency buying-power to advance your ends, be they "political" or "humanitarian."
>
> It is beyond belief that you and all the others so intimately involved did not realize that your main chance of success lay in the fact that you are all so very important to the continued health and well-being of this country's various media.
>
> It is this leverage, not your stand on the Vietnam war that is unethical.

And "leverage" is, of course, the whole point. The cutting power of the advertising agencies that decorate Unsell's letterhead is a Damoclean blade of decisive dimensions. A check of the latest industry data shows that their combined expenditure with media, even in recessionary 1970, was on the order of $2 billion a year.


"The light at the end of the tunnel."
Spare us from any more promises.
Strike one blow for peace. Write or wire your Congressman. Urge him to work for total withdrawal this year.

OF COURSE, as everyone in advertising knows, there is nothing new about the large-scale donation of free space and time for the advertising of social and humaritarian causes. To further such advertising, the responsible and established Advertising Council has been operating with integrity for nearly three decades. The media have freely given several billion dollars' worth of space and time to Council-channeled campaigns, with never a thought of either courting customer favors or ensuring against customer resentment—because the Council, unlike Unsell, counts both *industry* and the *media*—as well as advertising agencies—as coequal constituents in a tripartite enterprise.

But Unsell chose to ignore this one universally recognized and respected channel to free space and time. Why, if the Unsell cause is "humanitarian" and not "political," as Mr. Dane contends?

Meanwhile, *Advertising Age*, on June 21, added another dimension to the controversy with an editorial, "Admen and the War." Its burden was that the Committee is a Johnny-come-lately because the war has long since been "unsold," but that its members can atone for their sin of tardiness if they will only hang together "and agree to tackle other issues that need a consciousness-raising campaign."

Advertising Age's advice might well be the most ill-starred the Unsell crowd could accept. If they make their ad hoc committee a standing one, advertising of the most blatantly political character would follow—all offered to the media as a "public service" by the very men who preside over the annual flow of $2 billion from advertisers to media. The pressure on media, implicit in the make-up of the Unsell group would be substantial. Despite their pious implication that they are acting as "individuals," the looming prestige of their agencies' names is inescapable.

In their June 7 form letter, Messrs. Dane and McCaffrey concluded: "We have nothing to offer you except the chance to balance the public record by giving a voice to the other side. Think about it." They have also to offer the specter of their ill will against those who disagree with them. It is remarkable that they should have adopted a program that so clearly taxes their professional integrity. □

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LETTER FROM RIO

Mention Brazil and most Americans think: political prisoners, torture. Nowhere, says Mr. Rodman, do you read of the accomplishments of the last three governments, of Brazil's extraordinary financial boom and economic advances

Don't Underestimate Brazil

SELDEN RODMAN

THE TROUBLE with the modern world," a Brazilian college student in Pôrto Alegre told me, "is that respect for age and authority has gone. This new government of ours has given us back that respect. I respect my parents. As a lieutenant in the army I respect my captain. He respects the major, and so on up to the President, General Médici. Maybe your country is so unhappy these days because it has lost this respect for family, government, armed forces and country. Could it be the reason you are losing the war in Vietnam?"

His revealing peroration came at the end of an argument that had started when I asked him why he didn't read poetry.

"Poetry?" he said. "Maybe because I like *real* things."

"Such as—?"

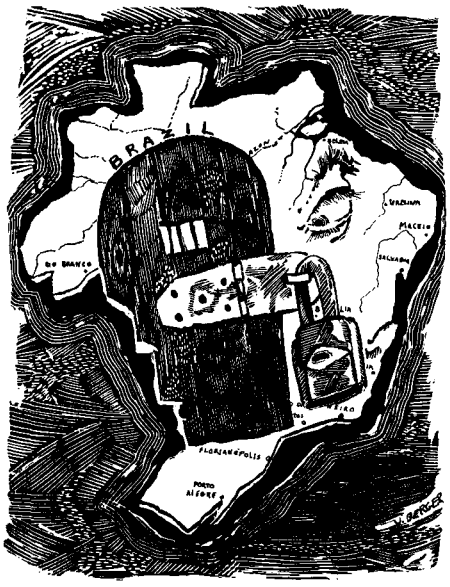
"Roads, railroads, industry, progress."

"You should visit the United States," I had said with a laugh, "where we have enough of such things to make us quite unhappy."

"And democracy," he said. "Maybe that's what makes you so unhappy with all that you have."

I cite our conversation, without including my own ripostes, because the point I want to make at the outset is this: Support for the military government in Brazil goes far beyond those business interests our liberal press claims are its sole beneficiaries. It goes down even into the ranks of university students and professors, the one sector of Brazilian society (save the Third Worlders among the Catholic hierarchy) which makes an occasional gesture of protest and is supposed to furnish recruits for the terrorist underground.

All the way from such students up to the cabinet in Brasília, I found this



same sense of hurt. The indignation in the new capital might be more muted and tactful, but it was just as unmistakable. Why was almost nothing appearing in the American press about Brazil's fantastic boom? Why was it assumed that none of this prosperity was reaching the masses, and that nothing was being done to help the *favela*-dwellers, the victims of drought in the northeast, the illiterate and the wage-earners? Why were American newspapers printing nothing but "news" of repression of "Marxist professors" and "alleged torture" of terrorists? Why was even "the scourge of American liberals," William F. Buckley Jr., falling into the same trap in his sole columnar response to a week's visit in February that preceded mine? Hadn't the United States learned *anything* from its all-out support for the "neo-Marxist Catholic" Frei in Chile—a seven-year effort that had resulted only in the nationalization of the American copper companies and the election of a Marxist-Leninist to the presidency of that country? Was the United States now going to continue its policy of "rebuffing pro-American and capitalism-oriented Brazil" to the point where Brazil, too, might eventually be forced into the arms of the leftists?

Some History

Before relating my own research into the pros and cons of this question, readers might find helpful a few paragraphs of historical background. Has Brazil ever had a "democratic" government in our sense? What was the record of the nonmilitary regimes that preceded the Castelo Branco revolution of 1964? What has been the philosophy and practice of the three officers' dictatorships that followed?

Brazil has never had a "democratic" government, though it has had several that were freely elected by that segment of the literate population which considered it worthwhile to vote. The most notable of these, following the authoritarian dictatorship of Getúlio Vargas, in the Thirties and Forties, was the government of Juscelino Kubitschek. Like Vargas, Kubitschek was a ruler who believed in giving labor and the emerging middle class a share of the GNP and even of the political controls. He was also a great builder. The automobile industry, the roads, the skyscrapers of Belo Horizonte and other hitherto neglected state capitals, and the new federal capital in the central wilderness, Brasília, were his personal monuments. But unlike Vargas, Kubitschek was a liberal who believed in letting his business associates have their way, and under his regime such corruption flourished as had never been imagined. Though Kubitschek amassed a fortune

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in the course of this building extravaganza, which drove Brazil to bankruptcy, he is supposed to have been personally honest; the prevailing philosophy of his time, however, was best expressed by that state governor who frankly admitted: "I steal but I get things done."

Kubitschek's successor, Jânio Quadros, was a demagogue who stepped up the pace of spending under a leftist cover of giving state decorations to Che Guevara and such. He resigned one day in a splenetic huff—"to avoid occult forces," he claimed—leaving his still more demagogic Vice President (at the moment on a junket in Red China) to succeed him. João Goulart "governed" by encouraging leftist strikes and demonstrations as a counterweight to the corruptionists of the Kubitschek era —of whom he was one. (This millionaire playboy currently is in Uruguay, with his "Marxist" brother-in-law Brizola, former governor of Rio Grande do Sul, where both live off the profits of their vast landed estates, though they are said to contemplate a shift to Paraguay to escape the "inconveniences" of the Marxist Tupamaros.)

It was against this unsavory "democratic" background, and to save Brazil from the resulting inflation that was destroying what was left of it, that the austere Castelo Branco and his fellow generals reluctantly took power in 1964. I say "reluctantly," because traditionally the Brazilian armed forces—in contrast to those in neighboring Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia and Peru—had intervened in politics only when anarchy threatened, and then quickly returned the reins of government to civilians. This time, however, the officer corps decided to do a thorough house-cleaning, and rehabilitate the devastated sectors of the economy, before calling another election—hence the proper claim that this was indeed a revolution. It was decided that a free press and free judiciary—both corrupted beyond any semblance of true freedom and serving only those with economic and political power under the civilian regimes—were democratic luxuries a developing Brazil couldn't yet afford; so out they went, along with the state and federal legislatures.

Castelo Branco was widely respected at home and abroad, even by his enemies, but the desultory and arbitrarily paternalistic rule of his successor, Costa e Silva, following Castelo Branco's death in a plane crash, almost resulted in discrediting the revolution, even among its own elite of technocrats. The accession of Emilio Garrastazú Médici in 1969 reversed this trend. General Médici, it is generally conceded, is able, hard-working, patriotic (in terms of putting Brazil's welfare ahead of that of any class or favored group) and incorruptible. The economic upsurge that has occurred since he took office is attributable, at least in part, to the confidence which his evenhanded rule inspires. His integrity may be judged by his refusal to equate the business boom with the prosperity of the masses. "The economy is doing well," he says, "and the people are doing poorly." But General Médici's future stature is likely to be judged on the basis of whether he has the wisdom to relax and eventually remove the no longer necessary repressive measures governing freedom of expression. For if he doesn't they may very well strangle the economy itself in a spiderweb of suspicion, fear and plain bureaucratic inefficiency.

Prosperity . . . and Progress?

How big is the boom? Who benefits from it? And what is its relationship, if any, to the government's actual economic reforms, its suppression of criticism and its harsh treatment of political prisoners?

Brazil's growth rate (8.5 per cent in 1968, 9 per cent in 1969, 9.1 per cent in 1970) is by far the highest in Latin America—ours has been *stationary* for a year—and behind only those of Japan and Israel among the nations of the free world. Its $44-billion GNP is equal to India's—a country with nearly six times as many people. Exports have topped the $2-billion mark for the second year in a row. Especially in the fields of electric energy, transportation and communication, chemicals and petrochemicals, construction and fishing, progress has been phenomenal. Hydroelectric and thermoelectric power plants are expanding at a rate surpassed in few other countries. Telephone installations are being made at twice the rate of the U.S. in the Fifties (when this country went through its telephone-installation explosion). It is expected that within four years the chemical and oil industries will quadruple, steel production will double, and construction work expand by 60 per cent. And all of this will be supported (it is confidently anticipated) by an annual gross investment equivalent to 20 per cent of the GNP.

Among the businessmen of São Paulo —today, as always, outstripping the rest of the nation in enterprise and prosperity—I found special satisfaction with the government's tax-incentive program. Under it, any businessman who wants to build a tourist hotel, buy a fishing fleet or reforest some fallow land, can put up 15 per cent of the total cost in cash (enough to control the project) and the rest in shares subscribed to by people like himself who owe money to the government in taxes. One paper mill in Campinas put in thirty million new trees this way last year. You can even pay off 12 per cent of your tax dues by buying mutual shares in the burgeoning stock market. In fact those who did so last year doubled their money. Three years ago only 600,000 Brazilians were paying income taxes. Today, with the tax computerized and actually collected, five million are doing so.

On the minus side, business complains about the government's price controls, continued inflation with rising labor costs, heavier tax burdens, and a general lack of cheap credit. The tax-incentive program—though open to foreign businessmen as well—is intended to strengthen Brazilian private enterprise, but this sector remains the weakest of the three components of the economy. Foreign business outstrips it with its control of automobiles, chemicals, pharmaceuticals and much heavy industry. And so does "public capital" (i.e., the government) with its domination of many of the hundred largest corporations, including Petrobrás, the largest of all. It is the government's planned purpose to make investments where the private sector cannot, and then gradually relinquish control—a policy already put into effect in the steel and automotive industries. The continuing but carefully controlled devaluation of the *cruzeiro* is in line with the government's policy of permitting just enough inflation to keep the wheels turning and discourage the speculation that once resulted in the secretion of millions in Swiss banks.

There is no denying that the middle class is growing in Brazil, and that sooner or later all this creation of wealth is going to trickle down beyond the middle class to that 50 per cent of the population which is still illiterate

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and poor. This year, for example, employment did increase by 10 per cent, and while the cost of living rose 20 per cent (compared with 26 per cent last year and 100 per cent in 1964), wage levels were 26 per cent higher. But meanwhile the national income is probably more unequally distributed than anywhere else in Latin America. Although the 1970 GNP was $44 billion this breaks down to only $420 per capita. In the city of Recife, for example, heart of the perennially hungry northeast, 25 per cent of the heads of households are still unemployed. One problem of the boom, in fact, is that few of the new industries are labor-intensive. Since 1960 only 200,000 new jobs have been created by industry—thus taking care of but a million of Brazil's ninety million people. Only 10 per cent of the total work force is employed in industry, 55 per cent being in services (including government) and the rest in agriculture, where those who still till the soil consume little but their daily bread. (I spoke to a maid in the house of some friends who had a father working on a *fazenda* in Minas Gerais for $10 a month; naturally she considered being a domestic an elitist occupation.) The minimum wage ($38 a month) is not enforced in the rural areas. There is no family planning except among the wealthy. And welfare, of course, doesn't exist.

Rehousing the slum-dwellers in Rio and the other overcrowded coastal cities goes ahead at a tremendous pace, but in many cases it leaves the rehoused family worse off. They have to pay *rent* now, which they frequently can't. And many have been moved so far away from their work that they have to ride two hours each way in a bus, paying a fare that takes a big bite of their earnings. And finally the great ingenuity and creativity that went into the building of the *favelas* is entirely lost in a new environment that instead encourages isolation, boredom and crime.

'Repression' or Repression?

Before flying to Brasília to talk with two of the members of President Médici's cabinet, I had three very enlightening conversations on the subject of repression that tarnishes the image of Brazil abroad. The first was with an American sociologist in São Paulo. He called the problem "Brazil's National Security Syndrome" and pointed out that almost every government since Vargas' dictatorship has felt itself "at war" with Communism, though the threat (except perhaps under Goulart) "never amounted to anything. Our influence, despite stories in the liberal U.S. press, has nothing to do with it; we exert no pressure at all for the muzzling of professors, of bishops like Dom Helder, and of the newspapers, much less for the torture of political prisoners. It's not our logic but their paranoia! The decimation of free-thinking professors is especially bad since the schools tend to become battlegrounds for vengeance in personal vendettas, and bad for the government since its projects receive no objective examination. The government does not condone the torture of political prisoners; but without the protection of free newspapers and courts the individual (guilty or not guilty) is at the mercy of the rampant, uncoordinated security forces of the army, navy, air force, federal, state and local police, each trying to prove its superior vigilance and patriotism. The pity of it is that this tactic is not in any way necessary. Yet they think the bad image caused by its toleration is an invention of the Left! In other words, they confuse criticism with subversion."

I received almost precisely the same message in Pôrto Alegre from Erico Verissimo, one of Brazil's best known novelists and educators. "It's a sad mistake," he told me, "to confuse sound constructive criticism with terrorism. Among the acts of the revolution that shocked me no end was the arbitrary dismissal, under Costa e Silva, of hundreds of university professors. What use is a computer in a university if the university loses its best teachers? If we disagree with Soviet Russia's methods, then I think it is senseless to imitate them, even in a mild parody." What impressed me as much as Verissimo's courage in saying these things, was the assurance he must have felt that he would not be molested for doing so. "You may quote me," he said, and he even went to the trouble of writing down the sentences I quote.

In Rio I asked Colonel Octavio Costa, chief of the public relations office of the Presidency, whether his government was concerned about the bad image these repressions were giving Brazil abroad.

"We are very concerned," he said, "but we are calm about it. We want the truth to be known. But our major preoccupation is with the image we want to project among our own people: the image of a serious government concerned about social justice and creating confidence in its authority. We will *relax* our controls when the terrorists give up their hit-and-run campaign or are put out of business. As for the image of a repressive government your media convey, we are tolerant. The same media give a view of the United States as a nation dominated by bomb-throwing leftists, permissive youth, broken families, criminals and drug addicts. We know these are minorities, far from the real America; and we expect *you* to be similarly tolerant."

Tomorrow

Mario Gibson Barbosa, the Foreign Minister, who had just returned from Washington where he had tried unsuccessfully to get the OAS to adopt a convention against terrorist kidnapers, made the same point more broadly. He had lived in Washington six years and knew all the stereotypes. "I think I can honestly say that we know more about you than you do about us. Understandably, no doubt, for you are a world power, but still—what does the average American think when he thinks of Brazil? A hot country? Tons of coffee? Maybe wild animals and primitive people in the Amazon jungle?"

"Torture?" I suggested with a smile.

"Exactly. The newest newspaper cliché. . . . Of course we're just as much at fault for thinking of you in clichés. But I think I can penetrate the latest of *those* by saying that your inquietude [he was too polite to say "violence"] is a phase every advanced nation is experiencing, and that only in the United States is it likely to lead to a brave new world, a higher culture, a better way of life for all the people. . . . Why? Because you have a great resilience. We have quite a bit of it too. Without false pride, I think I san say that Brazil will gain in your eyes from being known. The better you know our people, the less you'll be able to hate or misunderstand us."

Jarbas Passarinho, intense, sallow-faced, passionately dedicated to his job, had a record of great accomplishment and popularity as governor of the State of Pará before he became Minister of Education. He is still in his forties, yet his army service is so far behind him

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that if he ever becomes President—as many believe he will—he could be the man to resolve the disquieting divergence of progress and liberty.

At first our inteview got nowhere. Despite my demurrer that I was a poet not an economist, he overwhelmed me with statistics. I'd ask him a question, he'd say, "One moment! I want to make my point clearer," rush to the wall where he had a new organization chart projected and attack it with his pointer —and five minutes later I'd forgotten what I asked him. He is proud of what his department is accomplishing and reiterated that it gets 12 per cent of the national budget—"more even than the armed forces!"

"Those famous humanists who preceded us," he continued, "like Goulart for instance, gave education only 5.6 per cent! Of course the Left will deny it. They all use the same language. They're not interested in facts. Before Castelo Branco only eleven out of a thousand Brazilians in the schools were reaching the university level. Now we're giving the middle grades vocational training. How many get to college? Four hundred thousand out of the eighteen million. In 1966 the figure was eighteen thousand. We've created that many new slots this past year alone! Before 1965 our educational level was the lowest in the Hemisphere after Honduras' and Haiti's."

I asked him whether training for democracy was in the curricula. "Democracy? That depends on how you define the word. We think we're preparing our people to have a democratic way of life. We oppose class discrimination, the kind that always existed in Brazil before 1966. Everywhere in Brazil today the children of white- and blue-collar workers attend the same classes. In 1965, 70 per cent of education in Brazil was in private schools, only 30 per cent in public. This was truly undemocratic. Last year the figures were completely reversed: 42 to 68 per cent."

"Do the children in the *favelas* get the same education as the children of the middle classes?" I asked.

"All of them. In Guanabara (Rio's state) the school attendance of children four to fourteen is 100 per cent. For the whole country perhaps 30 per cent are still out of the school system due to bad roads, inaccessible villages, farmers who refuse to release their children at harvest time, and so on. I know of one man who gave up after rowing his kids four hours up the Amazon and four hours down; but these bad conditions are mostly in the northeast where we have a big resettlement program going."

"You aren't worried that the population growth rate will wipe out all these gains?"

"We had a growth rate of 3.1 per cent annually and it's now down to 2.7 per cent but it's still much too high. I'm worried, personally. The government isn't worried, publicly. It's claimed that Brazil is big enough and rich enough to cope with the growth rate. I'm not so sure."

He looked at the hour-glass that he'd turned upside down when I told him I had a plane to catch. "Your time is up, but not mine. I look forward to reading your poetry."

"Who is your favorite poet, Mr. Minister?" I asked him in the doorway.

"Among Brazilians, João Cabral de Melo Neto," he said, "and among Americans, Robert Frost."

Octavio Costa had assured me of such when I asked him whether there was true social mobility under the Castelo Branco-Médici system. "I mean," I said, "can an able man now rise to the top from lowly origins?"

"Definitely yes," he had replied. "Our minister of finance started as a clerk in a small shop. My own mother operated a sewing machine and I delivered finished garments as a boy. The minister of the army comes from a family of poor German immigrants. The majority of officers, even in the general ranks, come from the lower middle class. This differentiates our army from most Latin American armies—Argentina's for example." And he had gone on to tell me that the government was trying to solve the excruciating problem of starvation in the drought-stricken areas around Recife by agrarian reform and colonization of the Amazon basin along the new Trans-Amazonica highway from east of Belém to the Peruvian border that will intersect Kubitschek's north-south Brasília-Belém highway. Some economists deplore this huge diversion of economic resources. The money, they claim, would better be spent on industrial expansion, dams and irrigation projects. But Trans-Amazonica fits in with the philosophy of the Projeto Rondon, an adaptation of our Peace Corps, which I looked into my last day of Brazil, at Belém.

The Project's slogan is *"Integrar para nao Entregar"* (roughly, Integrate or Vanish) and it takes its name from Marshal Cândido Mariano da Silva Rondon, a great humanist who opened up Brazil's interior at the turn of the century and worked heroically to save the Indians from extermination in the process. The aim of the project is to bring the students in the universities to terms with Brazilian reality through voluntary service, and in the process increase their social consciousness. It began in 1967 when a University of Guanabara professor took twenty students with him on a trip to the Federal Territory of Rondônia. Under the Ministry of Interior, a group was composed, mostly of students, to plan a national program allowing students to spend their vacations in the interior, working on literacy programs, health education and social assistance. The number of university students participating has grown from 648 in 1968 to 4,200 in 1970. Far too few for such a gigantic country, clearly; but one more proof that the new Brazil is laying the groundwork for a prosperous and democratic society—and will get there if the second part of the equation is given as much encouragement as the first. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

WHICH ARE THE TRUE PAPERS?

IT'S NOT always that easy to tell the fake from the genuine article. For instance:

"The Complete and Unabridged Series" of *The Pentagon Papers* "as published by *The New York Times*" is labeled on the jacket, "The Secret History of the Vietnam War," and has been so headlined, promoted and moralized over. Let us examine what has actually been put before us.

In June 1967 Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, who had by then become discouraged with the Vietnam war, ordered a secret study to be made of U.S. involvement in Indochina since the end of World War II. The project was carried out, it is said, by 36 persons assembled from the Pentagon, the State Department and one or two of the semi-official think tanks. Only two of the three dozen have been named: Leslie Gelb, who was in charge of the project, and Daniel Ellsberg, who slipped part of its product to the press in order to atone for his war crimes and crimes against humanity.

The 36 were as busy as beavers for eighteen months following their assignment. They collected four thousand pages of documents, wrote three thousand pages of narrative and commentary—more than two and a half million words in all—and churned these into 47 volumes.

But before skipping to the next step in the evolution of the Pentagon Papers, we should note: 1) The collected documents, though multitudinous, were a narrow selection from the entirety of those bearing on the assigned topic. None came from the White House, none from the National Security Council and few from the State Department or CIA. 2) The investigations by the 36 did not include any direct testimony from any of the leading participants in the events, who, it may be presumed, said things to each other that were not written down and who made the decisions. 3) Some at least of the 36 scribes—beginning with the surfaced Ellsberg and Gelb, who are sufficiently on public record—were in no sense neutral or disinterested chroniclers. They were out to present not an objective chronicle, but a Philippic, a *J'accuse!*, an indictment of the nation and its leadership and their intent is plainly mirrored in the emotion-laden bias of their prose. "Our" share in Diem's overthrow is "complicity"; our tactics not merely fail, but fail "dismally"; a meeting of the NSC becomes "revealing" because of its "rambling inability to focus"; our planning takes on "a kind of absurd quality." Hardly the tone of an objective historian, scholar or bureaucrat. So it is not surprising to come upon such revealing (if I may borrow the word) sentences as the following. One of Mr. McNamara's anonymous narrators states that in 1945-1946 Ho Chi Minh wrote eight letters to President Truman and Secretary Acheson appealing for United States support and intervention "against French colonialism," but apparently got no reply. The narrator comments: "Non-intervention by the United States on behalf of *the Vietnamese* was tantamount to acceptance of the French." (My italics.) Read back: it was *Ho Chi Minh* who wrote the letters. (Still my italics.)

SO NOW Secretary McNamara's modest project goes through its next selective screening process. Ellsberg, throbbing with his own guilt, decides all the rest of us must feel guilty along with him, so he (and who else?) turns his loot over to the papers (in another Top Secret transaction, naturally). But not all of it, no sir. Ellsberg and Co. stash three or four of those 47 volumes back in the hideout. Seems a fellow can't trust even the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* these days. And, well, who knows when a few very special Top Secrets might come in handy.

Then the *Times* gets *its* selective screening process under way. Three months later the 2.5 million words are down to about a quarter million. To make sure they arrange themselves in the proper pattern, an outline is blocked in by the *Times*' staff, and reinforced by the punctuation of headlines, editorials and columns of the media at large. This surrounding fog obscures from all but the most alert readers the fact that the juicier documents—including those on which accusations of "deliberate deception" are to be based—were actually mere "contingency planning" or analyses of "options."

Let us mention, finally, that not one citizen in a million will read more than a few of the documents included in even this 10 per cent version, and most people won't read any of them. The public impression will be derived from the headlines, news stories, TV and columns, most of which added still another stage of selective screening, distortion and downright falsification.

IS *The Pentagon* Papers in truth, then, "the history of the Vietnam war"? Although many of its elements are of historical significance, the account of its evolution proves that the whole is not a history in any legitimate sense, nor the condensation or summary of a history. The jacket label, "The Secret History of the Vietnam war," is a falsification; *The Pentagon Papers*, that is to say, is a fake, like one of those paintings by Elmyr de Hory signed Picasso or Matisse.

NR launched its little fiction two weeks ago to prick the pretentious and distorting bubble the media had blown around that fake. "The poet's function"—we will take it from Aristotle—"is to describe, not the thing that has happened, but a kind of thing that might happen, i.e., what is possible as being probable or necessary . . . One must not aim at a rigid adherence to the traditional stories. . . . It would be absurd, in fact, to do so, as even the known stories are only known to a few. . . . And if the poet should come to take a subject from actual history, he is none the less a poet for that, since some historical occurrences may very well be in the possible and probable order of things. . . . Hence poetry is something more philosophic and of graver import than history since its statements are of the nature rather of universals." □

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HALF A CENTURY LATER

The Mummy of Red Square

FRANCIS RUSSELL

DEATH for others, for enemies of the state or—what was the same thing—those who were opposed to him, was something that Lenin could view with philosophical detachment. In fact he considered it a salutary visitation. It encouraged the quick. Yet that the shadow must one day touch his person was a thought he preferred to bury in the dark absolutism of his mind. Those who knew him best avoided mentioning death in his presence. But whether it was the stress of the Revolution and its aftermath or merely the cycle of bodily growth and decay, the fact is that Lenin by the time he was fifty was a rapidly aging man.

Lenin died on January 21, 1924, amidst the white and gold décor of the Morozov Palace, 23 miles from Moscow. In accordance with Russian custom his body was laid out on a table. Whether or not any cosmetics had yet been applied to his face, those who saw him remarked how vigorous he appeared. Grigory Zinoviev, one of the members of the Politburo summoned there (he would be shot by Stalin tweleve years later), recorded the moment in prose intended for the ages:

> Lenin lies on the table. Already they have put a new double-breasted coat on him. Flowers. Fine hands. He lies in the large room . . . as though alive. He is at rest, and still breathes. Surely there is the rising and falling of his chest. His face is quiet and peaceful. He looks better than when we saw him. The wrinkles are smoothed out. The leathery folds on the lower part of the face near the cheek remain. His hair has recently been cut. He looks young. He looks so well, so fresh. Only the "old man" seems to be discontented, and that is why we gaze at him for such a long time and the tears fill our eyes.

Lenin's body was brought back to Moscow in a crimson coffin with glass inserts on the top and sides, and placed in the Hall of Columns of the old Noblemen's Club that had become Trade Union House. There, under the huge crystal chandeliers, where later most of his associates would be tried and condemned on Stalin's order, he lay in state while a wooden mausoleum was hastily built for him in Red Square. By order of Dzerzhinsky, founder and head of the Cheka, red flags with black mourning bands hung from every window, and during those bitter winter days bonfires blazed in the streets and squares. The Red Czar was buried with more pomp than the white czars. Petrograd, Peter the Great's Baltic capital, was renamed Leningrad.

During the night of January 27, Lenin in his red-draped coffin was carried to Red Square and placed on a catafalque there. At exactly four in the

afternoon the city paused, all locomotive whistles, sirens and horns sounded for three minutes while the air reverberated with the sound of cannon. Then Lenin was placed in the wooden-roofed vault beneath the Kremlin wall. Here he remained secreted until June, packed in ice, while doctors worked over the embalming. The viscera were removed. The brain was taken to the Soviet Brain Institute and cut up into twenty thousand microscopic sections so that the physiological basis of the greatest thinking apparatus that ever existed could be examined more minutely. The doctors announced that they had discovered an embalming process that would preserve the body for a thousand years.

Not until summer was the public finally allowed a glimpse of the incorruptible body of the atheist saint. Lenin lay in a red coffin, his face enclosed in a kind of glass sheet, a red blanket covering him to the waist. In the first hours of his death all visitors had noted how calm he looked. Now he looked angry and sullen, a vindictive gnome's face.

At first a special permit was required to see the translated Lenin. Then the restrictions were lifted and the long queues began to form that have ever since been a feature of Red Square. But the embalming process that, like Hitler's Reich, was to last a thousand years was showing early signs of breaking down. Lenin grew older by the week, nastily so. From time to time unseen Kafkaesque officials would close down the vault, and the doctors would gather to try to mould the disintegrating features back into shape.

THEN IN THE SPRING of 1926 a miracle occurred. Lenin was suddenly seen to have grown young again. His wrinkles vanished. From a decrepit old man he retraced his steps to lusty middle age. Even his complexion had cleared up. It was all due to a new embalming process, the Kremlin announced, one discovered by a Dr. Ilya Zbarsky who had managed to learn "the exact nature of the fluids employed by the Egyptians and to have improved on them."

In 1930 the huge cubistic pyramid-mausoleum of red Ukrainian granite and Karelian porphyry was erected to replace the wooden structure. During that time Lenin again vanished. When he was once more on display it was in the core of the massive Red Square pyramid, thirty steps down, in the burial chamber of a king. He lay in a glass sarcophagus under an orange-red light. In the interval the rejuvenescence had continued. Middle age had given way to vigorous manhood. The flesh was firm, color had come back into the cheeks, the trim brown beard was flecked with gold. The face was that of an ascetic, but a vigorous one. Lenin now wore a khaki jacket tightly buttoned at the neck. His left hand lay across his breast, unclenched. The fingers were tapering, delicate, rosy-white.

In 1941, as Hitler's armies reached the outskirts of Moscow, Lenin was spirited away, first to Kubyshev and then to Kazan. Finally in 1945 he was brought back to his Moscow mausoleum. There he remained in perpetual youth until Stalin joined him in death. Then in January 1962, Stalin was removed, and to avoid any future reversal

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of that judgment Khrushchev had his body cremated. Lenin was again alone in his royal burial chamber, unaltered now by the years except for periodic changes of clothes.

I FIRST VISITED the Communist Kaaba on a bright summer morning in 1966. It was just before ten o'clock and Red Square, by regulation empty at that time, seemed to shimmer in the sunlight. At the square's far end the sun lighted up the candy-striped onion towers of St. Basil's. I have seen St. Basil's at all hours and in all weathers, and never could I see it enough. Nor could I on that summer morning.

A long line of pilgrims six abreast had formed at the near end of the square, winding back over the cobblestones past the History Museum and the site of the demolished shrine of the Virgin of Iberia and round the corner like an endless snake. Then, as the bell in the Kremlin's Spasskaya Tower struck the hour, two privates in brown uniforms and followed by a corporal goose-stepped through the archway and along to the entrance where with the usual military hocus-pocus they relieved the sentries on duty.

Being tourists we were allowed to slip in almost at the head of the queue, something that the patient Russians never seemed to resent, or at least they didn't show it. Slowly we shuffled in—tourists, peasants, children, workers, non-workers, several slant-eyed men near me wearing embroidered Mongol caps and smelling like a stable. It was perpetual twilight inside, and at every turn a pink-faced guard monitored us. We went down a flight of stairs, turned and turned again. As we approached the core of the mystery I had a strange sensation of having been there before, or somewhere very similar. Then I remembered. Some time in the Thirties I had visited the Rosicrucian headquarters in San Jose, California, and on payment of a quarter had been taken through what I was informed was "a genuine Egyptian pharaoh's tomb." That corridor down which I followed my Rosicrucian guide with a lighted candle also led to a mysterious core, but the walls themselves looked more like plaster over chicken-wire painted to resemble stone. When I knocked with my fist they gave a hollow echo which seemed to put my guide off her spiel. After my fourth knock she turned on me. "Well, mister," she said with snappish nasality, "you couldn't expect us to bring the stones all the way from Egypt!"

The walls in the Red Square mausoleum were knock-proof, and in any case I should not have wanted to be the one to try them. One's voice, even one's thoughts, seemed to contract in that regimented gloom. Then suddenly I was in the sanctum. Lenin lay in a bronze-based sarcophagus with glass sides. His head was raised on a pillow and brightly lighted. His left hand lay at his side with outstretched fingers. His clenched right hand lay across his chest. Beneath the glistening domed forehead his beard seemed almost blond and very close-cropped. I could see the stubble on his cheeks, the heavy penciling of his eyebrows. He was wearing a dark blue business suit, white shirt with French cuffs, a blue (not red) tie.

WE MADE the circuit of the room, then once more found ourselves in the relievingly open air. I struck up a conversation with an American from Providence, Rhode Island. I asked him if he thought we had seen the real Lenin. Yes, he said. Once he had worked for an undertaker, and he knew. That clenched fist across the chest was the clincher. Lenin had died of a stroke. Often after a stroke a corpse would have its fists clenched so tight that the undertaker would have to break the bones to unclench them. That they couldn't have faked.

On my left I passed the grave of John Reed, his name in Cyrillic lettering, and then farther on to the right a black tablet in the Kremlin wall with the name in gilt of William D. Haywood. Somehow I found more irony and more pathos in those two resting there than in the deified Lenin. For Jack Reed and Big Bill Haywood had come to Russia as to the earthly paradise-to-be, thought for a time they had found it and in their bitter end found they had not. So they who would not live a lie found themselves living it in death.

A long line of graves extended almost to the mausoleum, each enclosed by a rectangular garland of bronze laurel leaves and topped by a life-sized granite bust. For if it is reserved for the elite of Communism to be buried there, the more elite receive the final accolade of their stone likeness above them. Only Stalin's grave at the end of the row had neither bust nor bronze laurels but merely a small granite slab set level with the ground on which were carved his name, initials and the year of his birth and death. The unintended effect was, like the intended one of Napoleon in his corporal's uniform among his bedizened marshals, to make the demoted Stalin the most conspicuous relic in Red Square.

FOUR YEARS LATER, when I visited Moscow on Lenin's hundredth anniversary, Stalin had risen again. His grave now had the customary laurel chain, and perched above his ashes was a granite bust, benign, slightly larger than life, and lacking only a pipe. As I joined the queue to pay my birthday respects to Lenin I noticed plainclothesmen of the security police standing a few yards from the entrance, their eyes darting back and forth like snakes' tongues. Anyone with even a bulging pocket was promptly inspected. Waiting in line I watched the red flag in the wind fluttering over the green cupola of the vast neo-classical building just the other side of the Kremlin wall. Then suddenly it occurred to me that there was no wind at all on this calm morning, that the mythmakers must have installed concealed air jets to keep the flag flying.

Lenin, I thought, looked a little better than when I had last seen him, though perhaps it was just my faulty memory. He had on a new suit though, and a new tie, and his linen was as always immaculate.

Of course—and in spite of the undertaker's assistant from Providence—the explanation of the eternal Lenin is a very simple one. It was not the technique of ancient Egypt that Dr. Zbarsky had rediscovered but the technique of Madame Tussaud. I presume Lenin's skull is genuine enough. Over it the face and features have carefully been reconstructed in wax. Possibly the single clenched fist is to fool inquisitive undertakers. In any case it is a very good job, and probably the only one that Dr. Zbarsky and his assistants could have done under the circumstances. Lenin still does not look as lifelike as Madame Tussaud's Snow White whose breast rises and falls rhythmically through some ingenious mechanism as if she were breathing. Yet the Russians are ingenious too, and perhaps when I visit Red Square again, Rose Red will also be breathing. □

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RELIGION

Cannibalism in the Episcopal Church

D. KEITH MANO

THE SCENE: General Giap's headquarters somewhere in North Vietnam. War maps on four walls. The General's IN box is full; his OUT box is empty. Two dozen eyes peer with terrible cunning from beneath epicanthic folds. Abruptly the door opens. A messenger hurries in: He is terrified, perhaps near panic. General Giap takes a telegram from the messenger's hand. He reads. 1971 CONVENTION OF NY EPISCOPAL DIOCESE. STOP. DEMANDS IMMEDIATE CESSATION OF ALL HOSTILITIES IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. STOP. IN OTHER WORDS, STOP. STOP. General Giap sits slowly. He cradles his head in his arms. "There go all our plans," he whispers. "A thousand spring flowers blown away."

Like jakes. The 1971 New York Episcopal Convention made itself (and the religion it only nominally represents) appear ridiculous yet once again. Having no perception of the real world and little or no interest in a world hereafter, the diocese placed itself firmly just where it's been for the last few years—in limbo.

The Convention met in the gloomy, stolid-beamed meeting hall of Synod House, which must surely cost the equivalent of a dozen Headstart programs per month just to heat. Spiritual and soteriological matters were made inconspicuous by their absence. In New York Diocese these days they don't even take the Lord's name in vain.

On the dais, three bishops. The presiding Bishop, Horace Donegan, chairs the Convention pleasantly. He knows how to use a contemporary bit of slang like "keep your cool," to draw out episcopal chuckles. Cuddly, sweet, no one would presume to criticize or be offended by Bishop Donegan. He is due to retire, but has, in fact, long ago passed the diocesan reins to his coadjutor.

Bishop Paul Moore, the coadjutor, is to Bishop Donegan's right—but only on the dais. Philosophically there isn't much elbow room to the left of Bishop Moore. He is an immensely attractive man, gaunt, craggy, tall; his hair is blond cum silver, fashionably long—Gary Cooper back from some dangerous dry-gulching. Bishop J. Stuart Wetmore, the suffragan, sits to his right. A large man, politic and intelligent, he is no doubt hamstrung by the heir-apparent's influence. He is silent throughout. Bishop Wetmore (to continue with cinematic analogies) looks like Orson Welles playing a bishop playing Orson Welles.

IT IS THE FIRST genuine spring day of 1971. By ten o'clock the delegates are somnolent and tractable. They sit fanning themselves with perhaps fifty or 75 pages of resolutions and budgetary statements that are unreadable, opaque. The diocese printing presses seem only to function the night before an important meeting: no grace period is provided for careful reading, for the mustering of an efficient opposition. In this atmosphere a resolution asking, say, that the Trinity be made a Duality for economic reasons could be carried with triumphant ease—on grounds that: ". . . whereas only a two-thirds quorum of the Godhead is required to enact procedural business . . ."

At eleven o'clock the war is condemned (not unanimously by any means). Applause. All belligerents—presumably Washington, Saigon, Hanoi, the Ideal Toy Company—are cabled an ultimate warning. Applause. At half-past we vote to endorse the ordination of women. Voting is by orders. Though there are many, many more ministers than parishes in New York Diocese, clergymen are resoundingly in favor. Well, anyhow, there is very little interest in parish work nowadays: let the women take care of that. The laity, more judicious even on such a spring morning, vote to overturn millennia-old traditions by a scant four-vote margin. Applause. Then, as an appetizer before lunch, Bishop Moore's address.

The Bishop Coadjutor is not only opposed to our effort in Vietnam, he is opposed to wars of any caliber, to soldiers, to weapons offensive and defensive—he's probably just a bit suspicious of hedge clippers and paring knives as well. He has a radical-left social philosophy. He admires the Berrigans. And, despite all this—a polarized personality in our polarized land—Bishop Moore manages to remain a very wealthy man. After a knee-jerk attack on the war, and a tedious denunciation of Governor Rockefeller's cutback budget, he concerns himself, in the second half of his address, with the notorious Purple Paper.

In short: the Purple Paper provides that all Christian Missions and aided parishes in the diocese be denied support, so that the funds may be more Christianly used for "evangelical" and "outreach" programs in "stress" areas. Ignore the "evangelical." That's a joke, son. I doubt if, in the last fifty years, two souls have been converted to the Episcopal faith (excepting, perhaps, some birth-control defections from Catholicism). It's not cool to suggest in New York that my faith is preferable to your faith: Everyone is equal, doncha know. "Evangelical" is a pink herring. "Outreach" is the operative term, and I hardly have to tell you what that means—among other things, Women's Lib, profane theatrics, the Free Abortion Lobby, draft counseling ("Go north, young man, go north"), Aid to Homosexuals. I'd written an article attacking the Purple Paper in a large circulation magazine (my own mission, St. Anne's, Washingtonville, N.Y. is jeopardized). Don't tell me about the power of the pen. It's highly overrated. Despite a stack of mail favoring this plea for traditional Christian values by ten to one, Bishop Moore's address carried the point. There is no machinery provided for answering a bishop at his own convention. Besides, as I've said, he's an attractive man.

After lunch the Purple Paper is discussed in an hour (one hour; sixty minutes) of expertly managed questions and answers. Bushy, bright young lawyers calm the fretful with a sophistic and very secular accounting. "Don't worry, we've listened to your objections. The Purple Paper has been revised. Nothing to fear." Revised, indeed: it's

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LETTER FROM TORONTO

Lots has happened in Canada in the past year. Murders kidnapings, martial law, anti-Americanism, riots, political changes. An American who has taught there for some years puts it into perspective

Darkness in the North

TREVOR PEMBROKE

MANY THINGS in Canada are confusingly American: Coca-Cola signs, Esso and Gulf and Sunoco and Shell stations, the same deodorants, the same language, even many of the same billboards. The North American surface of things assures a newly arrived Torontonian that he really is back home, in a pleasant, ethnically mixed, Great Lakes city with WASP cabdrivers. It takes a while to penetrate that surface and cast off our U.S. clichés. I offer what follows in the hope of giving perspective and detail to events of the past year in Canada that have so puzzled Americans back home: the FLQ kidnapings, the War Measures Act, the seemingly sudden outbreak of anti-Americanism.

Canada's land area is second only to Russia's, a few thousand square miles more than that of the U.S. Some of that land is frozen year-round; even so, the country has six acres of arable land per capita for its 22-million population (*v.* three acres in the U.S.), and it has oil, water, gas, timber and mineral reserves considerably in excess of its foreseeable needs for at least the next forty years.

Non-white ethnic minorities larger than 3 per cent of the population of any area are unknown except in the countryside (Indians, Metis and Eskimos) and in two cities, Halifax (blacks) and Vancouver (Chinese).

Over 90 per cent of Canada's population lives within a hundred miles of the U.S. border, over 50 per cent within thirty miles. Some 30 per cent lives in the metropolitan areas of the three largest cities: Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver. Montreal is a French city of hills and water, with splendid restaurants. The Place Ville Marie, Bill Zeckendorf's imperial swan-song, is

alone worth the trip. Toronto is an English city of ravines and overcast skies. Generally, Toronto is a great place to visit: It has a superb subway system, splendid parks, clean streets, polite cops and the lowest crime rate of any city its size in the world. Vancouver, like San Francisco, is a place of breathtaking beauty that gets excellent reports from hippies, retired people and others who like the Pacific West.

In Canada, as elsewhere, pollution is in vogue as a "concern." Water pollution is the major kind here; paper mills, chemical plants and municipal sewage are the prime culprits. In this semi-socialist economy, there is no pollution anywhere in which the government has not had an active hand. In 1968, a city planner with the provincial government pronounced Alliston, Ont. to be a poor place to build a "new town" of 250,000, because of the absence of "natural sewers, i.e., rivers." At the time, nobody even raised an eyebrow.

"Ethnics" do not get assimilated in Canada as fast as in the U.S., often by choice. Toronto has over five dozen phone listings for foreign-language newspapers, most of them published right there. Many children arrive for their first day of school knowing no English and no French.

Prospects for Free Trade

Tariff protection for industry on Canadian soil, like taxation of residents, is high. There are mumblings within the Trudeau government that Canadian tariffs might be lowered on some items not made here in return for analogous concessions from other countries. As things stand, however, large-scale tariff-free trade with the U.S. is unlikely except on the model of the present auto pact, whereby goods move freely across the border *within a company* such as GM, for production efficiency, but Canadian and U.S. shares of the market are in effect fixed by treaty; no ugly Can-Am competition, in other words. If Mr. Gringo wants to sell his goods here, he must make them here and must put up the capital for Gringo-Canada Ltd.; Union Carbide, Continental Can and many others have founded subsidiaries here and have prospered (and by prospering have become targets of resentment). An alternative course is for Mr. Gringo to buy up an existing Canadian company as a subsidiary. This is no longer recommended. There is already ample resentment of the enormous American ownership here, even when it doesn't displace Canadian proprietors. It is particularly resented, for

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example, that 80 per cent of Canada's textbooks are published by American firms. The government has recently intervened to stop the American takeover of Denison Mines and of Home Oil. There will be more intervention soon, perhaps accompanied by some un-Canadian aggressive rhetoric. Look for outright regulation of the publishing industry within three years, in the name of Canadianism.

Transportation has always been a Canadian problem. The border and its tariff walls, by disrupting the north-south trading patterns that would develop in a tariff-free market, have forced Canadians into expensive, long-distance east-west trading.

Ontario and British Columbia, the provinces most visited by Americans, are also the ones most like the U.S. (average 1969 personal income: $3,000); they are the only provinces with highly developed manufacturing economies, though B.C. depends heavily on the sale of raw timber and Ontario on metals. The other economically "healthy" provinces (average personal income: $2,500 to $2,000) are largely dependent on the sale of commodities: Alberta on oil, grain, beef; Saskatchewan on grain, beef; Manitoba on grain, minerals, beef and dairy products; Québec on some textile manufacturing, plus dairy products, metals and minerals. The remaining four provinces, the Eastern Maritimes, are condemned to live poorly (average personal income is from $1,900 to below $1,500) in the midst of poorer and poorer fishing conditions, larger and larger oil spills. Winter unemployment in the Maritimes and Québec has been over 10 per cent in 1970-1971.

Federalism or Provincialism?

All governments in Canada are parliamentary: the federal government, and those of the ten provinces. Federal-provincial relations are often touchy, and are a more equal partnership than federal-state relations are in the U.S. Equality is expensive; for example, Québec, B.C., Ontario *and* Canada each had its own pavilion at Osaka's world fair and Canada's diplomatic paraphernalia in London includes Ontario House and Québec House. The federal government has control over the military, over foreign affairs, over the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), over the strike-ridden postal system and over the baby bonus ($6 or $8 per child per month, officially called Family Allowance). Otherwise the provinces tend to be jealous of their rights. Even the federal medicare scheme of 1965-1966 has had to be re-enacted by the provincial parliament of each province that joined. Québec has special status in many ways, receiving a bigger portion of the federal income tax collected within its borders than any other province.

Political parties here are confusing to an American. The Social Credit Party, strong in the west but weak nationally, is, despite its funny-money origins, the party most nearly Republican: oriented toward industrial development and some of the middle-class virtues. The Progressive Conservatives, strong in Ontario, the Maritimes and parts of the west, are by William Jennings Bryan out of Queen Victoria—a blend of Populism and United Empire Loyalism; they have held Ontario for 28 years, but their rural base is slowly failing them. The Liberal Party, which holds Mr. Trudeau's whopping majority in the federal parliament (155 of 255 seats) is strong in Ontario, in parts of the Maritimes and among the Anglophone population of Québec, but weak west of Lake Superior. It is a pragmatic, federalist, Eisenhower-type center party, whose rich eastern leadership is distrusted by prairie farmers. A surprising fact to most Americans is that the 1958 election, in mid-recession, was a choice between Liberal Pearson, on a program of tax cuts and business incentives, and Conservative Diefenbaker, on a platform of WPA and government-financed "development." The New Democratic Party (NDP) is a doctrinaire socialist, union-based party that, after a recent cranial transfusion of high-cholesterol academic blood, is taking a sharp left turn. Though they hold but one prairie premiership (i.e., "statehouse") and but 23 seats in the federal parliament, they are a dedicated lot, worth taking seriously. They are especially active on the campuses.

The local party which most gives people the shakes around here is the Parti Québeçois, dedicated to separate and socialist status for Québec, its sole place of operation; it got 24 per cent of the vote in the last Québec election, better than the incumbent Union Nationale. The PQ is led by René Levesque, who is a charming sincere man and *not* a crazy, much as he looks like one beyond a 75-mile radius from Trois-Rivières, but he *is* a threat to the tenuous unity of Canada.

As of the 1961 census, over 60 per cent of the people of Québec spoke French only, 12 per cent English only; a bare quarter were bilingual. Sixty thousand of the five million-plus population spoke neither major language. More precise statistics will be available after this year's census.

Only a few people are interested in bilingualism. A few hundred mandarins like it as an idea. Many civil servants and all of the Anglo bankers in Montreal are actually practicing it. But most of Canada does not care.

Educational Decline

No figures are available as to who owns what in Québec. Plausible estimates say that some 60 per cent to 80 per cent of Québec's economy is owned or controlled by persons and corporations outside of Québec, with some half of that 60 to 80 per cent in Ontario.

The Roman Catholic Church has a strong religious grip on most Francophone Québeçois over the age of thirty, and on about half of those under thirty. Those who leave are often found in the FLQ, in the Parti Québeçois, on drugs and/or on the welfare rolls, which include many believers as well.

Frenchmen from France call the Québec dialect "Joual," in mimicry of the Québeçois pronunciation of "cheval." Anglos from Ontario have a similar attitude: as recently as 1967, I heard a Toronto hockey announcer call off the name of the Rangers' charismatic Francophone, Rod Gilbert, as though he were a descendant of the Englishman who discovered magnetism.

Canada's public expenditures on higher education quintupled over the decade 1960-1969. Roughly 30 per cent of those who graduate from high school now go on to some kind of higher education (*v.* 4.5 per cent in 1955); the number of graduate students in Canadian universities doubled between 1964 and 1968, and has continued to grow. Standards have relaxed in all respects. Lectures of two hundred to three hundred students are common, especially in the first two undergraduate years. Common also is the corrupt cycle of dull and undemanding teachers going through the academic motions with bored but acquiescent students, insulating each other from competitive realities. The worst feature of the expan-

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sion for Canadians has been the devastation wrought on the integrity of their faculties and on the balance of their academic job market. To staff the new and expanded universities, thirty-ish Americans and forty-ish retreating Britishers (from Lagos, Khartoum, Ibadan etc.) were recruited by the gross; some departments are now less than 25 per cent Canadian in their personnel. Homegrown Canadian PhDs are currently rolling off the line, unable to find the jobs that the graduate-school brochures promised them. What this fact will mean for Americans and British now teaching here nobody knows, but it is a potential politicizer of universities far more powerful than any current issue in the U.S.

Seven universities (of fifty in the country) have had *big* trouble, as opposed to Jerry Rubin's "liberation" of the faculty club at the University of British Columbia, which is considered

minor trouble. Simon Fraser University (B.C.) was well radicalized by the time the administration stepped in and fired most of the political science department. Despite nude-ins and other forms of contemporary guerrilla theater, the administration stood fast and seems to have won, though at a high price. The University of New Brunswick had a tempest that began when an American nuclear physicist burned his library card as a protest against identifying himself when he wanted to borrow books. The whole scene was by Lewis Carroll out of Mark Rudd. Wow. At Sir George Williams (Montreal), West Indian and other black students blew up $3-million worth of computer when the university would not fire a science professor accused of calling his black students "Mr." instead of by their first names. This one by Kafka out of LeRoi Jones. At McGill (Montreal) an attempt by radicals to Francify the university has destroyed a lot of property and most of the university's morale. It was at one time the finest university in Canada. Loyola (Montreal) is doing a replay of the St. John's controversy of 1964-1965; prognosis, doubtful. Laurentian University (Ontario) has been shut down this year by a student-faculty strike against the board of governors. St. Francis Xavier (Nova Scotia) shut down early this year in the midst of a fight over parietal rules.

Civil liberties are a statutory matter in Canada and *can* be instantly suspended by parliament, as in last October's invocation of the War Measures Act. Even the liberties which exist by statute are far less broad than those in the United States. Bail is tougher to get here; prison sentences stiffer. Once charged, however, an accused is likely to get a trial more quickly than in the U.S.

On a nationwide basis, bombing and arson have been less widespread than in the U.S. But, as with the universities, over half the trouble is in the Montreal area. (Houses in the Anglo suburb of Westmount purchased in 1964 for $50,000 were being sold for less than half that in 1969.)

Mayor Drapeau of Montreal, the man who "stood up" to de Gaulle in 1967, was returned to office last November with 92 per cent of the vote, over a mélange of dungareed, bearded *nouveau-pauvres*. The rest of Canada looks on him with ambivalent envy. Sometimes he is called a "bread-and-circuses mayor," sometimes a "law-and-order mayor." Both labels deceive. On a scale of a hundred, he gets around 35 on bread, though he gets at least four hundred on circuses (Expo 67, a superb new transit system, the Montreal baseball team, the 1976 Olympics). On law-and-order, he rates close to zero; what the Mets once were to baseball, the Montreal and Québec policemen are to law enforcement. Their ineptitude is thought to be complementary to that of the Québec RCMP, which largely employs unilingual English Canadians. It took nearly ten weeks to locate the kidnaped James Cross last fall and winter. What re-elected Mayor Drapeau was neither law and order nor a healthy economy, but the absurdity of his opponents combined with the voters' conviction that the status quo was better by far than no quo at all.

The big metaphor in the American-speaking world these days is nigger. Students are niggers (J. Farber), women are niggers (B. Friedan), Eskimos are niggers (northland CYC member). Only adult WASPs, called fascist hyenas, and a few middle-class Negros, called Uncle Toms, have eluded the tag. Inevitably the tag has been tied to the French people of Québec (Pierre Vallières, *White Niggers of America*). As in other cases it is a gross deception. The proper comparison for the Québeçois is the nineteenth-century Southern white, living below the national standard in a quasi-carpetbag economy and polity.

It is to the "colonial" aspects of Québec life that the Left directs its attacks on Federalist English Canada and its presence in Québec; this is true not only of the PQ and FLQ (local parties) but of the New Democrats. In English Canada, the strategy is similar: Under a slogan of "nationalism and socialism," the NDP keeps up an unremitting attack on the U.S. presence here and on the sale to the U.S. of "our priceless resources." What the Left (especially the academic Left) hopes for is clear: two autonomous countries, anti-American and socialist, loosely connected if at all.

To many Québeçois, selling their commodities at world-market prices, being forced to buy Ontario manufactures at tariff-inflated prices, independence in some form looks good. Many middle Canadians outside of Québec are un-

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POSTGRADUATE ADVICE

Your Future in Liberalism

DENNIS FAGAN

(The American University System, in association with Human Values Inc., Presents Another in a Series of Advertisements To Help Pilot Young People toward a Better Fulfillment)

THE young man or woman who chooses a career in liberalism will become part of a community whose incredible endeavors have enriched Man's existence and magnified beyond expression his understanding of the universe.

Ever since the dawn of modern history, men (and women, equally so) have been driven by an insatiable desire to solve the problems they saw in nature. "Why do these things happen?" they asked. "And why always on opening night?"

The answers they discovered—fundamental truths about Man, his future and the implications for his present—constitute liberalism, Man's most humanizing achievement.

It was liberals who formulated the principles that opened the way to the development of the clearing out of unnecessary tautologies in the solution of clearly basically simple problems dealing with *people* which had, in the morass of official locutions, been confused. It was they who solved questions for which there were no answers, and found answers for which there were no questions. And it was they, too, who most tenaciously attacked false value systems, and who, with real and human compassion, invited minority-group members to scowl at cocktail parties.

Liberalism provided many of the basic theories and liberals, most of the devices that made the need for better solutions clear. Besides thought, liberalism has also contributed real tools—your own education, possibly—which have profoundly affected the development of truth.

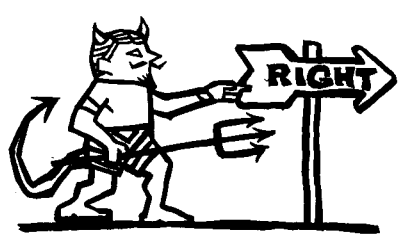
Nonetheless, there remain many areas for liberals to explore, and many "fields to conquer."

For example, we know sinfully little about the culture and heritage of our Portugo-American citizens. (Many typical middle-class people cannot even spell "Portugo-American.") We do not know the political needs for social improvements of these people, or how to supply them. And—and this is the nub of the issue—we do not even know how many Portuguese Americans (as they prefer to call themselves) are being discriminated against merely because they are different.

But now let me focus on some key specifics of liberalism as a real and living undertaking by people. The question the young ask most frequently is: "What does a liberal really do, and is he, like, really involved and relevant to Now?"

He surely is. About 2 per cent of this country's 198 million liberals are in the communications field. The entertainer you see on your television screen who defends love and criticizes hate is a liberal. He also disapproves of Benito Mussolini.

Another 5 per cent are engaged in the field of education. The courageous,



young university professor who wears his hair long in subtle defiance of the dean and board of trustees is a liberal. So, in fact, are the dean and board of trustees, who wear *their* hair long in subtle defiance of the chancellor. So, in fact, is the chancellor, who wears *his* hair long because he's worn it that way since 1910 and can do whatever he damn well pleases because he's the chancellor. Perhaps some teacher you know is a liberal.

The scope of liberalism is constantly widening. Dynamic inner energy, growing at an incredibly rapid pace, has breathed forth new doors to a wide variety of interesting fields of specialization. For example:

We need many new, young *Moralists* to explain, in poetry or music, why there is no objective morality, or why the government is immoral. We need several *Big-City Mayors* who can relate to the cities' problems (especially on television) and rank their job (understandably) in its order of national toughness. We need several strong, yet fair-minded *Labor Leaders*, who may not know why there is inflation, but who will fight for higher wages as long as inflation continues. And we need *Revolutionary-Minded Non-Revolutionaries* to keep us ever vigilant against the extreme Right and the extreme Center alike. With new developments, new positions will be opening up with regularity within the bowels of the movement.

SHOULD YOU, then, become a liberal? Honest answers to the following questions should give you some idea whether you have the personal qualifications essential to success in this field. Do you wish to be a good person rather than a bad person? Do you want people to accept you rather than reject you? Do you enjoy encountering new problems that no one in the world has ever encountered before, and thinking them through intuitively, seeking to solve them with imaginative new answers? If your answers are yes, yes, yes, then you probably have the makings of a fine one.

To prepare for a life in liberalism, you should take as many relevant college courses as you can. These would include a course or two in Sensitivity Emotionation, a course in the Viking Experience (especially if you are not Viko-American), courses in Urban History (1970 to the present), the Sociology of Religion and, of course, Existentialism. At the same time, you may wish to expand your educational experience with courses in arithmetic and geography. A college degree is a great help in being a successful liberal. Top liberals are well-conned.

A final word, however: don't become a liberal with the thought that your life will be wasted unless you completely change the world. You can draw immense satisfaction from simply finding, in your day to day living, the way to perfect Man's understanding and his life. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

From the Academy

IS EDUCATIONAL REFORM CONCEIVABLE?

A SCOTTISH GIRL, visiting America some years ago, told me that the citizens of these United States are forever worrying and talking about the problem of being overweight; but they do nothing about it. Similarly, she continued, Americans incessantly discuss the problem of education; but similarly, they take no action about it.

The Federal Government and the big foundations expend immense sums upon "educational research": Any practical results are indiscernible. Those organizations really interested in improving our schooling, or dedicated to defending what remains of the works of the mind, are starved for funds and in perennial peril of dissolution. Yet cheerfulness will keep breaking in.

A few weeks ago, I participated in the third annual meeting of the editorial advisory board of the Open Court Publishing Company. Among the other speakers were Dr. Sidney Hook, talking about "The Betrayal of John Dewey"; Dr. Kenneth Clark, discussing the needs of the disadvantaged child (who ought not to be pampered and favored, Dr. Clark says); Dr. Jacques Barzun, on "Where Does the Educational Nonsense Come from?"; Dr. Cleanth Brooks, whose subject was the importance of teaching poetry; Dr. Raymond English, exploring the problem of political and cultural pluralism; Dr. Jeffrey Hart, inquiring whether the American college has a center; Mr. Clifton Fadiman, asking "What Is Relevance?"

This was a gathering of reformers, even if the participants differed on one point or another. On its advisory board, indeed, Open Court has placed various redoubtable champions of genuine norms in learning, among them such worthies as Mr. Mortimer Smith, of the Council for Basic Education; Dr. James D. Koerner, of the Educational Development Center in Massachusetts; Dr. Arther S. Trace, the author of *What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't*; Mr. Edwin P. Moldof, of the Great Books Foundation; Dr. John Latimer, executive secretary of the American Classical League. These gentlemen know what is wrong with American schooling, but they have a hard row to hoe.

All were somewhat heartened, doubtless, by the success of the firm of Open Court with its basic readers. Open Court (of which Mr. Blouke Carus is President) always has had its offices in the half-forgotten little city of LaSalle, Illinois; but the firm makes real strides nationally in the teaching of reading and literature. More than any other publisher, Open Court has revived the only sound method of learning to read —the phonetic method; and its basic readers contain real literature, rousing the imagination—not the pabulum of Dick, Jane and Spot. So successful has this program been (the firm training teachers to apply it) that Open Court—for generations operated as a foundation—has made so much money that it has had to become a commercial corporation.

WHAT SORT of people are these reforming publishers? Why, the Carus family of LaSalle, chemical manufacturers, founded Open Court in 1887. Over the decades, they have published a grand list of philosophical works, and they continue to sponsor a quarterly devoted to the philosophy of science, *The Monist*. The Caruses entered the field of basic readers for schools because nobody else was working much effective improvement; to their own astonishment, they find that intellectual reform can be made to pay for itself.

Last year's *Papers on Educational Reform* came from the press recently; and the talk by Dr. James D. Koerner, "The Limits of Reform in Education," sufficiently deals with the question of whether such rare firms as Open Court, and such organizations as the Council for Basic Education, the American Classical League, and the Educational Research Council of America—whether the struggle of all these availeth.

The new educational romantics, says Dr. Koerner—the John Holts, the Edgar Friedenbergs, the Paul Goodmans—demand prompt transformation of the whole heavy apparatus of American schooling. They demand what cannot occur—quite as they expect from formal schooling what no system of schooling possibly could supply. There will be no "revolution" in education; but we may hope for reform.

"Educational change is a gradual but vitally necessary business that comes about through pressure applied by dissatisfied persons and groups as strongly as circumstances at any given point permit," Dr. Koerner puts it. "When the pressure becomes too great, the system has unlimited resources for damping, eliminating or simply absorbing it. . . . these elementary propositions are ignored or forgotten by all kinds of people today who ought to know better. They seem to spend their time offering chimerical or magical solutions to problems that will not yield to anything but hard, steady, slogging work—work which always involves compromises, accommodations and, with luck, small victories."

Of those present at Open Court's third conference, none knew the truth of those phrases better than did Dr. Raymond English. That gentleman, sometime chairman of the department of political science at Kenyon College, for the past several years has been director of the social science program of the Educational Research Council of America (with headquarters in the Rockefeller Building, Cleveland). The ERC is a foundation that laboriously prepares reforming programs and textbooks in several fields—social sciences, mathematics, humanities and others—and tests them in pilot schools. The Greater Cleveland Mathematics Program has been immensely successful and popular; the social science program now is distributed nationally by the publishing firm of Allyn and Bacon.

Dr. English's social science program is the best available in this country—which may sound like a left-handed compliment. Actually, the program is lively, intellectual, and eminently teachable—if teachers are willing to think; if widely adopted, it could do much to restore a general understanding of order, justice and freedom in this land. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

Principles and Heresies

PEACE IN OUR TIME

It CANNOT be said that Mr. Nixon did not warn us. As long ago as 1968 he spoke of the dawning of an era of negotiation that would, under his Presidency, succeed an era of confrontation. He has steadily widened our trade with the Communist empires. He has, in the SALT talks, given immense ground in the attempt to achieve an agreement, even though unfavorable to the United States. He has allowed our armaments—strategic, naval, air—to fall alarmingly behind those of the Soviet Union.

The pattern of foreign relations under his Presidency has become clearer and clearer. His decision to visit Communist China—a decision which already amounts to de facto recognition—is only a more dramatic extension of that pattern. It is, however, a symbol of the greatest moment—a symbol of the liquidation of the anti-Communist stance of the American Government.

It is in this broader context that the event must be considered. It is serious enough, however, in its implications for Asian policy. In Asia it puts into question the lives of the tens of thousands of Americans who died in Vietnam, puts into question any meaning to that war. It serves notice on all the free countries of Asia that we are moving toward making Asia and the Western Pacific a Chinese sphere of influence. It thoroughly extinguishes the spirit of Asian resistance to Communism. It quashes the rising hope that Japan, with its startling growth in economic power, might become a new force in resistance to Chinese expansion, and instead gives a clear signal to the Japanese leaders to make an accommodation with Communist China on the best terms they can as soon as they can.

Nor, so far as Asia is concerned, can the secondary significance of the announced visit be ignored. China has always been the overpowering influence in East Asia. For three thousand years or more, its emperors were Emperors of the Middle Kingdom, the omphalos of the universe, to whom all others paid obeisance. All diplomatic relations with other countries were regarded as relations of overlordship and tribute. Ambassadors were barbarians come to pay service to the lord of the world. Mao Tse-tung, in ways that go deeper than the Western eye can easily discern, sits in the seat of the emperors. The propaganda of Communist China reflects their ancient arrogance, and now the President of the United States goes hat in hand to Peking. And all Asia watches.

Even granted the assumption that diplomatic relations with China should be resumed, there can be no excuse for the way in which it is being done, for the fanfare, the drama, the self-imposed world-historic humiliation of an American President. Nor can Nixon evade responsibility for the sickening outflow of cheerily flattering descriptions of Chinese society which are now flooding the media. Considering the moronic character of the media, he must have known that such an ocean of mush would be released.

It ALL FITS into place: it prepares the ground in the consciousness of the American people for an end of the politics of confrontation. For years we have been conditioned to believe that the Soviet Union is no longer an expansionist Communist force, but only another great power, primarily concerned with its own internal problems. Now China is being subjected to the same treatment. The symbolic effect of Nixon's Peking journey is significant far beyond the arena of China and Taiwan, Indochina and Japan. It is the symbol of America's retreat from the leadership of the anti-Communist alliance, a retreat that, if it is continued, means a worldwide shattering of all resistance to the Communist advance.

As Eisenhower's invitation to Khrushchev to visit the United States was the beginning of the deterioration of anti-Communist determination, Nixon's action may well signalize a climax of that process. But Khrushchev at least had attacked, if hypocritically, the crimes of Stalin; Mao sits unrepentant atop the corpses of millions upon millions of his victims. The tragedy reaches higher and higher levels as the story unfolds.

It is indeed a tragedy. A nation unequaled in power, called by that power and by the principles of its existence, to halt the march of Communism's slave society: first taking up the challenge and then step by step retreating from it. For that is what the retreat from an era of confrontation means. The era to which Nixon referred is the time beginning with the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan and the rearmament of America, in which we made clear that we understood the danger to freedom armed Communism represents and made clear our determination to confront it.

DESPITE the propaganda with which we are engulfed, nothing has changed in the character of the enemy. As far as the internal character of his regime is concerned—the Cultural Revolution in China, the persecution of intellectuals and Jews in the Soviet Union. Externally, there is no sign of abandonment of his expansionary drive. Chinese and Soviet support for Hanoi, the rape of Czechoslovakia, the massive Soviet penetration of the Middle East, the frenetic pace of mounting Soviet armaments—all confirm it.

Nor can the danger be averted by Metternichian games of attempting to play China against Russia. Both threaten us before they threaten each other, by the very character of their commitment. Metternich's policies were valid and effective for the settlement of Europe—but after Napoleon was defeated. Our Napoleon has not yet been defeated. It is the time not for the machinations of a Metternich, but for the determination and fortitude of a Pitt. Our need is not the delusory hope of relaxation and the petty press triumphs of a grandiose journey to Peking, but arms and alliances and resolution.

Another man made a journey. In 1938 Chamberlain brought back from Munich "peace in our time." In 1939 World War II erupted. What will Nixon bring back from Peking? □

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BOOKS

Total Critique of Society

Between Nothingness and Paradise
By Gerhart Niemeyer
Louisiana, 226 pp., $8.95

ELLIS SANDOZ

"The objective of an investigation of this kind," Gerhart Niemeyer states, "is not to provide ready-made recipes but rather to foment a process of returning awareness of what it is that feeds the widespread disorder of our age and what and where are the sources of our order."

Between Nothingness and Paradise provides both an incisive analysis of the key sources and configurations of contemporary disorder and a resourceful exploration of the principal experiential and symbolic structures foundational to ordered human existence. The writing, despite its technicality, is generally crisp and clear, the range of empirical materials surveyed vast. In short, this is a meaty and important book, one which is squarely based upon the philosophical science of politics established by Eric Voegelin and which addresses the issues of political existence confronting the contemporary generation of men.

While perhaps less creative than the finest of these, Niemeyer's book nonetheless takes its place beside a small number of other recent works—including Voegelin's *New Science of Politics*, Hannah Arendt's *Origins of Totalitarianism*, J. L. Talmon's *Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* and *Political Messianism*, and Albert Camus' *L'homme révolté*—as a truly valuable elucidation of the forces of revolution, order and disorder in modern politics.

The analysis deals successively with the works of writers who, from the middle of the eighteenth century onward, have advanced total critiques of society and existence from alternatively "axiological" and "teleological" perspectives, a process which climaxes in Marx' revolutionary activism and the melding of the two perspectives, and in the Leninist strategies of revolution, destruction and totalitarian rule.

In summarizing, Niemeyer provides a gloss on the meaning of the book's title:

> The various ideological types of total critique have assumed an Archimedian point beyond the realm of experience from which the world of experience can be surveyed, criticized and even declared nothingness. The Archimedian point, in turn, a realm of phantasmal perfection, appears as paradise when viewed from the point of view of the actual nothingness. A polarity between nothingness and paradise is characteristic of every ideological total critique of society, which always extends to a critique of all experienced reality.

Niemeyer is concerned to trace the antecedents of Marx' reductionism and total critique. He pursues this by establishing "archetypes" of axiological and teleological total critique ("The way to discover the sources of a river is to follow its course upstream"), as these emerge from the writings of Meslier, Morelly, Mably (with considerable qualification) and Babeuf and Buonarroti, on the one hand, and from those of Turgot, Condorcet and Fourier, on the other hand. The meaning of ideological total critique in this context is that of Edgar Bauer, i.e., the "unmasking" of the irrationality of whatever exists "with the assumption that whatever [has] been so unmasked [has] thereby been effectively destroyed"; or, more briefly with Bruno Bauer, "critique [means] destruction." This assumption, when combined with Bakunin's equation of destruction with creativity, provides the foundation of gnostic rationality: "The urge of destruction is at the same time a creative urge" (Bakunin).

The "archetypal pattern of social critique" (i.e., "axiological total critique") can then be juxtaposed to "archetypal progressivism" (i.e., "teleological total critique"). The former pursues enlightenment through nihilistic dissolution of history and civilization in the name of the hidden order of nature which is speculatively proclaimed despite and completely "apart from experience." This attitude, Niemeyer argues, is purely antihistorical. It justifies total critique, rejection of the evil chaos of past and present historical existence, as the indispensable prelude to social metastasis through total revolution and, therewith, liberation into the secret truth of Nature. Thus in Babeuf, the people of France are the representatives of humanity, bearers of the magic gnosis which will fuel the permanent revolution spoken of by Charles Comte in 1815 and made famous by Marx in 1850.

Like archetypal socialism, archetypal progressivism is rooted in theological and metaphysical revolution, the rejection of God and the transcendental Good. It asserts instead what Camus calls the "horizontal transcendence" of the paradisaical Future, the world-immanent destiny of mankind. Past, present and future history thereby becomes a datum of experience, a transparent object of knowledge for those enlightened by the "new science" of infinitely perfectible humanity (*la masse totale de l'humanité*) invented by Turgot and elaborated by Condorcet into the "laws of history." Futurism supplants naturalistic reductionism in this attitude; for the early socialists, reality (*being*) is Nature; for the progressive, being is the yet-to-be-attained Future.

Hence, for both, civilized existence is non-being (nothingness), the intellectual and revolutionary destruction of which becomes the substance of a messianic politics which is to be the creative engine of future bliss. To quote Fourier: "The voice of our so-called reformers is to indict this or that defect, instead of indicting civilization as a whole, inasmuch as it is nothing but a

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: How the enemy is winning the naval race is spelled out by *Guardian* (Manchester) military correspondent David Fairhall in *Russian Sea Power* (Gambit, $10). . . . Robert Penn Warren pays *Homage to Theodore Dreiser* (Random House, $4.95).

■ SEPTEMBER BOOKS. Just after he was sprung from prison, Régis Debray held some *Conversations with Allende* (Pantheon, $6.95). . . . Francis Meynell reviews his varied career in British politics, publishing and editing in *My Lives* (Random House, $10).

Robert Thomas Allen gives a Bronx cheer across the generation gap in *We Gave You the Electric Toothbrush!: One Man's Defiant Defense of the Older Generation* (Doubleday, $6.95). . . . *If They Come in the Morning* is a tract by and in celebration of Angela Davis. Rave reviews are assured (Third Press, $5.95). . . . Another muckraker on pro football is Bernie Parrish's *They Call It a Game* (Dial, $7.95). . . . Dr. Melvin Anchell speaks out for traditional morality in *Sex and Sanity* (Macmillan, $6.95).

■ PERIODICALS. If the economy is rebounding, six-month figures for ad pages in influential magazines don't show it. Sharp (5 per cent or more) drops recorded by *Esquire, Fortune, Harper's, Life, Business Week, New Yorker, New York, Saturday Review. Atlantic* and *Look* registered smaller losses. Healthy gains for *Psychology Today, Reader's Digest, Playboy* and *Time*, with modest gains for *Newsweek* and *U.S. News*. Declines may be even grimmer than they look, because magazines were expecting a windfall when cigarette ads were banned from broadcast media.

■ CHRISTMAS IN SEPTEMBER. *The Naval Academy Illustrated History of the United States Navy* by E. B. Potter has maps, photos and diagrams (T. Y. Crowell; $12.95 pre-Christmas; then $15). . . . Stanley Green's *Ring Bells! Sing Songs!* is an illustrated history of Broadway musicals of the Thirties, flops as well as hits. Introduction by Brooks Atkinson (Arlington House, $12.95). . . . *Rodeo! The Suicide Circuit* by Fred Schnell is billed as an insider's book but also offers 130 action photos (Rand McNally, $12.95).

With 2,148 illustrations, *The Life and Work of Francisco Goya* by Pierre Gassier and Juliet Wilson looks to be definitive (Morrow, $45). . . . *Hollywood Musicals* is a lavish pictorial survey by John R. Taylor and Arthur Jackson (McGraw-Hill, $12.95). . . . *The Mediterranean: Cradle of Western Culture* by Richard Carrington is a photographic exploration of the ancient world (Viking, $16.95).

vicious circle of evil in all its parts; one must get out of this hell." The present is an age of total alienation; it supplies the negative image of the goal age of perfection, the one of sole value; hence, the requirements of the historical process absorb all reality and moral judgment. Niemeyer writes: "The pretense of positive knowledge of the future is the key to an attitude that considers itself an alien in any kind of present. In Marx we can observe the combination of this type of total critique with the previous one."

Marx' work "has demonstrated a pervasive power" and is rightly to be regarded "as the core of the total critique of society in modern times." Not only does it combine the two earlier types of critique, but it does so in the wake of Hegel's disclosure of "absolute knowledge" and the portrayal of history as "the dialectic of man's redemption." The end of philosophy signaled by the rise of positivist "science" and the decapitation of being through the obliteration of transcendence is now re-enforced through the annihilation of the philosopher (the man who loves divine Wisdom) by substitution of the gnostic paraclete who possesses the absolute knowledge called scientific socialism.

With less than eighty pages to go, Professor Niemeyer states: ". . . this study has so far yielded insights that sum up to no more than a fundamental condemnation of the type of total critique that leads to ideological activism." Does it therefore follow that, if radical "revolution means active total negation of the present system," then philosophical opponents can only affirm the system? Niemeyer's response to this question is an emphatic no. In support of this view he recalls the thorough-going critiques of society conducted by the Hebrew prophets, Socrates, and St. Augustine.

Not surprisingly there are decisive differences between the philosophical and ideological critiques. The differences are made clear through a sequence of searching reflections on the existential and political significance of the past and present in psychic experience and in history; the ground and structure of the ethical order; and the meaning of rational philosophical critique. It will at once be noticed that the ideologues have sought to demolish each of these dimensions of action and reality: the past and present are uniformly condemned; ethics and order are dissolved into the activism of destruction and revolutionary morality; reason and philosophy are rejected in favor of truncated, instrumental reasoning and a pretended secret knowledge which combine to form the battering ram of total critique.

What emerges from the closing chapters is a sketch of a "philosophy of limits" as an integral part of a "general philosophy of existence," one which reasserts the full range of reason and the abiding reality of the community of reason among men, which always has been the source of human dignity as well as the foundation of political order and of philosophical politics since the ancient Greeks invented the science. □

Wyndham Lewis: Paintings and Drawings
By Walter Michel, with an Introductory Essay by Hugh Kenner
University of California Press, 455 pp., $35

OBSCURED GENIUS

MAX MONTGOMERY

Percy Wyndham Lewis (1882-1957): novelist; inventor of ideas; satirist; one of the very few authentic individuals in the century of the lockstep, uniformed cults and the urban formicary; poet; merciless critic; philosopher; a master of English prose admired by Pound and Eliot; the testiest, bulldoggish, and most lucidly intelligent polemicist of our time, was also a great modern painter.

As Lewis' finest prose work, *The Human Age*, has never been published in the United States, and as professors and critics tend, when they have heard of him at all, to dismiss him as someone of less importance than Anthony Powell or Aldous Huxley, it is always with trepidation that one dares praise Lewis the writer, much less Lewis the painter. And until Walter Michel's magnificent, wholly admirable study of Lewis

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with its 781 plates (sixteen in color) came along, the work of some twenty years' research, there wasn't a great deal in print (and practically nothing in American museums) that one could point to and prove that you hadn't made up in your head an imaginary artist.

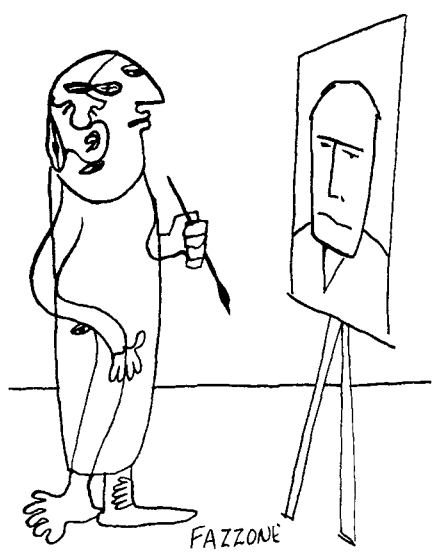
Lewis, as Hugh Kenner says in his long and sharp-eyed introductory essay, failed to make a name for himself as a painter. At some point in the nineteenth century (after, Edgar Wind supposes, the picture-buying public had absorbed the ideas of Giovanni Morelli, who unwittingly taught us to admire the style of a painting rather than respond to its subject matter), attention shifted from what a picture portrayed to the mannerisms of its execution.

When, for instance, the Earl of Rokeby brought back to Scotland one of the two nudes in all of Spanish painting, it was his intention to own and gaze upon the goddess Aphrodite, and he explained to Sir Walter Scott that he had hung it so high on the wall that those who found it to be more Aphrodite than they cared to see need not lift their eyes. Today we would say that he had bought a Velásquez. *Bought. Velásquez.* We do not know, any longer, what to do with a painting except to buy and sell it, and the painting might be anything at all so long as the artist's name does its Pavlovian business. *To buy a Lewis* never in Lewis' lifetime meant anything like *to buy a Picasso.*

Fortunately, Lewis could paint portraits so well that he could please the people who were still of the Earl of Rokeby's mind, and wanted to buy an image significant to them rather than a share in a uranium mine. When I first visited the home of the philologist Vladimir Jelinek in St. Louis I entered his dining room and said straight off, "A Wyndham Lewis!" For a fine Lewis portrait was on the wall. "No," said the Jelineks together, "that is our godson." They confirmed, however, that the painter was indeed a Mr. Lewis, a Canadian or Englishman, who was in the city for awhile.

LEWIS BEGAN painting quite early. He flunked out of Rugby (by one account) because he was more interested in drawing than his studies. An indulgent mother (abandoned, it seems, by Lewis' father, an American and officer in the Union Army) allowed him to study on the Continent just when the red winds of the revolutionary art movements were beginning to rise. No one has yet noticed that Lewis' almost inexplicable originality of style does not really spring from nowhere. It derives (and is instantly transmuted by Lewis' genius) from that part of the history of modern art which is not yet textbook cliché, the Petrograd Renaissance. He is not "an English cubist," but an English cubist who took his cubism from St. Petersburg rather than Paris.

For fifty years the scholars have been trying to account for the sudden vigor in the arts around 1906. Invariably they omit Lewis from their account. They also omit Vladimir Tatlin, the tragic Russian Constructivist. We might note that Tatlin and Lewis are the two modern painters who were literate, who were men of ideas, and whose graphic work is but one expression of highly energetic minds. They did not fit the age's myth of the painter. The Impressionists convinced us that the painter is an Eye, and that his accurate record of colored light reflected from objects is what a painting ought to be.



Lewis, for all his precision of line and superb taste as a colorist, accepted as his model the painted shields and masks of New Ireland, the totem poles of British Columbia, the severely planed and chiseled masks of the West Africans between the Volta and the Congo. These influences do not sound like Lewis, who deplored the age's devotions before strange gods. Yet Lewis could civilize anything, and he learned from primitive art that form is the beginning and end of art. Tone, *parfum*, nuance—these were all very well, but the essential artist is a maker of shapes.

So in picture after picture what our eye finds first in Lewis is a strong, angular, tilted design. Renaissance painting has a vanishing point for its perspective; the eye feels the rightness of every element in the painting insofar as it is accurately related to that point. In a Lewis there is a center of gravity: you know where to touch the design to make it move. The eye understands the rightness of the masses as the hand knows how to hold a hammer.

Lewis' paintings have always had a mystery about them. How many did he paint? When did he change from style to style? Prof. Michel's book serves as a *catalogue résumé* as well as the first serious study of Lewis' genius as a painter, and we can now see the transitions from the first, already highly individual style, to the last, half-blind death of his visual work. The two great periods were the abstractions and battle pictures of the First World War, and the brilliant series of portraits done in the Twenties and Thirties. Lewis preferred to paint literary people. His portraits of Eliot and Pound will be history's image of those poets.

I have admired Lewis' painting for years, and my admiration has been something like a private vice. Lewis the writer is obscure enough; Lewis the painter is not a subject one brings up without first ascertaining if one's interlocutor has noticed that Lewis is perhaps the most original painter of the twentieth century. So far I've met two such people: Hugh Kenner, whose brilliant introduction to this book is as intricate as a Lewis abstraction, and the obscurest American genius of them all, Reno Odlin (Egyptologist, master of the classical Scots bagpipe, farmer, painter, *philosophe*, hermit and Lewis scholar).

Douglas Cooper, the historian of Cubism, once answered a question I put to him about Lewis by rattling the ice in his drink and saying with that widening of his eyes by which the British hope to make you drop dead, "Lewis? Oh, Lewis! Sort of a *New Yorker* cartoonist, isn't he?" We were surrounded by a fair gathering of collectors and professors, and they didn't know who we were talking about.

Well, this beautiful, large book exists. It costs $35, and it displays for the first time all the paintings that a diligent scholar could find of one of the best painters of our sorry, murderous age. He is a painter who was

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bypassed when the clichés were being made. The burden of this lovely book is therefore enormous. Lewis, for all I can guess, may remain a painter's painter, and lie in a hundred years' oblivion, like Blake or Velásquez or El Greco, to be appreciated by our grandchildren's grandchildren. I have waited twenty years for this book, but I don't know over five people to whom my praise of it would not sound like a sudden enthusiasm for the paintings of Jacques Teyssot or Richard Dadd.

In the history of things, however, the publication of Prof. Michel's *Lewis* will be recorded as an event comparable to the recovery of Vermeer. That took three hundred years. □

Cape Ann: Cape America
By Herbert Kenny
Lippincott, 294 pp., $6.95

NORTHEAST OF BOSTON

FRANCIS RUSSELL

This is what the Germans would call a *Heimat* book; in the old English sense of the word a "homely" book. For Herbert Kenny who lives in Manchester on Cape Ann, Massachusetts loves his adopted earth and considers it for his purposes and inclinations the most interesting and important place in the world. And indeed this is in the good Thoreau tradition of traveling extensively in Concord.

Mr. Kenny, once city editor of the *Boston Post*, is now book editor of the *Globe* where he has established standards previously unknown to Boston journalism. He is also a poet. He also has a feeling for the mother tongue. He writes well. Let me give as an example his evocation of the Gloucester fishermen:

> We are at our most natural, most human when we are in command of the elements or in close communion with them and with nature. The men who sailed without engines, with only line, canvas and wood, knew a height of actual living, an excitement of existence which we have lost. First of all, they pulsed with something handed down to them from their troglodyte ancestors moving across some smoking marsh in a primordial and unrecorded eon. They had a total perception, not the apperception that bugs so many of us today—a sickly self-consciousness—but a constant, acute awareness of everything around them, of the wind, its intensity and direction, its capriciousness or its insistence, of the color of the sea and the impassiveness of its face or the indications in the wrinkles on its surface, of the very imperceptible in it, if you will, the ominous containment beneath its reflections which warned of danger to come. They were students of the sky, its tints, the manner in which the sun, worn by the abrasiveness of the hours, melted at last across the west; of the clouds, the thunderheads, the fleece, the heightening coloration of their shifting shapes. Beyond that they had something else, something it would be embarrassing to call ESP, but surely a sixth sense, a sailor sense, that has been lost to the Western world or reduced to a triviality of sports in yacht races . . .

It is not unworthy of Henry Beston.

The granite-edged outpost that is Cape Ann is indeed a fiber in our early history, a later haven for artists, authors and poets as well as for a most hardy breed of fishermen. It is all recorded here; the old settlements, the little cities as far down as Salem and up as Newburyport, the geology, the flora and fauna, the inhabitants, the characters, the islands, and first and last the sea. All judgment is of course subjective, and Mr. Kenny's values are not always mine. I cannot share the depth of his admiration for Charles Olson. I look in vain for mention of the Rockport painter Gifford Beal, Childe Hassam's friend and a better artist than many mentioned in the book.

I was surprised to learn that T. S. Eliot had spent his summers at East Gloucester from the age of seven until he was twenty-one. So reticent was he of his early life that I am grateful for this key to much of his later poetry. Sweeney's "bold anfractuous rocks" are the Gloucester ones. And when Eliot in his late masterpiece, the *Four Quartets*, returned more openly to his American self, the Lady whose shrine he placed on the promontory is none other than the Virgin above Gloucester's Portuguese Church of Our Lady of the Good Voyage. Knowing of Eliot's sojourns here one apprehends much. I am inadvertently grateful to Mr. Kenny for quoting Eliot's "Cape Ann," so redolent of bird song and ending in the shocking boner about the "sea-gull," that nonexistent bird. If only I had spotted it when I first read the poem, I should have written both to Eliot and to the Audubon Society.

For Mr. Kenny, Cape Ann is the genuine Massachusetts Cape beside which Cape Cod is nothing but an adjunct of "undistinguished highways, flanked by neon signs flashing vulgar messages for intolerable roadside stands or garish motels with nauseatingly coy names, gift shoppes to make one's eyes poppe, all clustering like glassed-in ant colonies, with hippies sleeping on such lawn as can be found, homosexuals prancing through bitch-decorated antique shops, the whole lost amid marching sand dunes and tattered spinnies of

tormented scrub pine and scorched by a relentless sirocco that only a Chamber of Commerce pamphlet could call a breeze."

MR. KENNY and I are both fugitives from suburban Boston, he on Cape Ann, I on Cape Cod. And that is the great dividing line between us. For I say that when all is said and done, Cape Cod is still *the* Cape, no matter how marred and battered. Something remains: the Great Beach; the dunes at Barnstable; *The Outermost House*, still in print and still in existence; even the linden tree in front of my house that is 22 feet in circumference. And—to use my mother's favorite scholastic ploy, the *argumentum ad hominem*—how about Bearskin Neck, Rockport, on an August Sunday afternoon? How about that colored glassware? From Manchester I can hear the echo. How about that popular song that has brought more tourists to Cape Cod than even Hyannis Port? How about Provincetown on an August Sunday afternoon? I still don't think Mr. Kenny has dealt fairly with my adopted Cape. As for his, he has all but convinced me. I think I shall pay Cape Ann a visit one of these days. □

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The Middle Americans
Text by Robert Coles; Photographs by Jon Erikson
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 143 pp., plus 114 pp. pictures, $12.50 cloth; $3.95 paper

WHO SPEAKS FOR AMERICA?

MAX GELTMAN

The first paragraph of the preface informs us that the authors "hope to bring before the reader something about the lives of American citizens, perhaps a numerical majority of the nation's people." But in the second paragraph we are provided with this disclaimer: "We make no claim to know what so-and-so many people think about one or another subject." Of course they do. It is this ambiguity that is the greatest weakness of the book. Nevertheless, come primary time in New Hampshire, the pros and pols will be reading it carefully and studying the one-dimensional photographs for a clue as to what Middle America believes. *Really* believes.

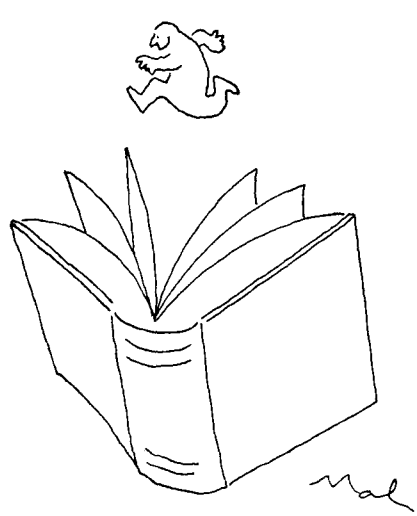
Disclaimer aside, the book relates the stories told to Dr. Robert Coles by eight "average" or "ordinary" American families (they resent being classified as other than that) who live in the outer centers (not the suburbs) of the nation —not big city, not big spenders, not big readers, not big anything, but big in their love of America, a land that disturbs them no end, what with the hippies whose hair is too long; the rich college kids who demonstrate too much; the professors who "think" too much; the media that distort the news too much; and the Negroes who want too much. But most of all they resent the rich, big business, the commercial interests and a government that taxes them too much.

ACTUALLY we hear few voices. But they are representative of the trades and occupations Middle America engages in. There is Joe, the Construction Worker (and his wife Doris). She often intrudes a bit of moderation into the one-sided dialogue whenever her husband's anguish leads him to excess. When he is about to say "nigger," she interrupts with "The Negro People." Almost all Dr. Coles' informants use that strange formulation, yet I am sure that no one in Middle America—absolutely no one —says it quite that way. Colored people, yes; Negroes, yes; niggers, yes. But never "Negro People," and almost never blacks. Still I am sure that is the way his tape recorder "heard" it. But tape recorders have tin ears, which is why I have always distrusted the electronic anthropology of the late Oscar Lewis, whose Mexican and Puerto Rican studies were so highly suspect.

Construction Worker Joe is followed by John, the Machinist, whose wife says little. Then comes the turn of the Policeman whose name is not given, nor his precinct. In fact, we do not know where any of his people live or where they work or where they play. Then follows the White-Collar Worker (a bank employee, a notch above a teller, but not yet a vice president). He believes much as the others do, except he goes in for white shirts—lots of them—and Order. So does his wife. He, like all his informants, needs to hold down two jobs to make ends meet. And he talks with some grief about the students, but his interlocutor lets him talk on and on —as he does all his "cases"—until he talks himself into the inflation.

We next meet the Gas Station Owner who "subscribes to what he calls the 'jungle theory' of human nature." But that his wife feeds him rice and spaghetti five times a week I doubt, even if she insists that she can't afford meat more than twice a week.

But there are three more families to hear from. And some poignant truths to be told. Especially when we get to Sheila's parents (not otherwise identified), the father a Fireman (and part-time Carpenter), the mother a housewife, both united in grief over the loss in Vietnam of their son Ralph. This death causes much brooding in the household, and what they say and feel about their loss is true and painful to hear.



Next we meet the Fireman's cousin (I assume he lives nearby). He is Will, the Welder, age 25, and his wife (nameless) who is twenty-two. Dr. Coles tells us he has been interviewing this young family (they have a child) for four years. Why do they see him? Why that long? Who invited him in? And why do they speak with such disarming confidence to him, a child psychiatrist who is obviously not there on a doctor-patient basis? None of this is vouchsafed us. But they talk, on and on, telling of their confusion and helplessness and disgust with a situation where everybody is heard but them, the majority, the hard-working and tax-paying citizens of the nation who love their country and want only to build it up and to defend it from enemies foreign and domestic. In the end it can be said of them—of all of them—what the author had just concluded about the Welder's neighbors:

"So, two American parents, owners of a house that has in it a refrigerator, a washing machine, a toaster, a waffle iron, a television set and a car, feel poor, feel lost, feel confused, feel cheated." This is the message we are meant to get from the book.

BUT THERE is still one more family to hear from. This time we listen in on the wife of Paul, the Druggist, Middle America's exemplar of the little businessman ground down by competition he does not cherish and which he resents deeply. What she says, speaking for herself and her husband—the fears, phobias, prejudices, concerns; the compassion and love and rootedness (endangered) and distrust and trust—is something that doesn't require tape equipment to record. It is easy enough to conjure up just what they think about the problems tearing the nation apart. Yet Dr. Coles is not unaware that his people are not merely individuals expressing isolated opinions. And his conclusion, summing up the remarks of the Druggist and his wife, is not one to be ignored by politicians with an eye to 1972—on either or all sides of the political spectrum.

They (Druggist and wife), says the author, "actually resemble just about

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everyone in the United States in more ways than some of us may care to acknowledge. Politicians and social scientists have of late been almost desperately anxious to put a rope around people like that woman and her husband . . . and at times it seems there is no name for their every value and belief and habit." What Dr. Coles suggests is that those who wave the flag and despise those who burn it are not to be discarded in some liberal garbage can of history. Nor should those who too easily identify themselves with them take them for granted—for they, too, have many surprises in store for them, perhaps more than Dr. Coles' political friends.

A WORD, finally, about the photographs. The book might have been better without them. Dry, passionless, colorless and loveless, they show Middle America at work, at play and planning for the future. It is the wry belief of the authors, however, that they do not make a statement one way or the other. But they do. We see women in plastic hair curlers, brawny men with eagles tattooed on their hairy arms, and flags, flags, flags (American) over graves, graves, graves (military). And among these unnumbered illustrations we come upon a snapshot of a soldier-boy surrounded by Vietnamese children with this legend inset next the snapshot:

"Photo of Steven Weigt taken in Vietnam. Steve's mother and father [pictured below] are displaying this photo that was returned to them in Steve's camera. Many say they do not know why we are over in Vietnam. Steve's mother said, *'He knew why he was there'* [underscored in original] and this photo of him and the children conveys a lot. Steven was the first Colverdale serviceman killed in Vietnam."

A statement? Surely, no matter how you read it. As is the photo of the little boy with the huge American flag that closes the book. Perhaps the commentary is just. Americans—by and large—do love their flag. That is why they burn when the flag is burned—when draft cards are burned—when the nation's honor is defiled by clergymen in North Vietnam who consort with the enemy in ways that dishonor the memory of Steven Weigt. That is the message I want Dr. Robert Coles of Harvard, friend and literary collaborator of Father Daniel Berrigan, to take away from this review. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HORATIO HORNBLOWER, *by C. Northcote Parkinson (Little, Brown, 304 pp., $6.95).* A few years ago I recall reading (I think in these pages) an observation to the effect that Horatio Hornblower was among the few characters in modern literature of whom it was possible—as with Sherlock Holmes—to imagine adventures which had not yet been written up. It is now apparent, from Professor Parkinson's book, that Hornblower is like Sherlock Holmes in inspiring enthusiasts to work up those adventures after the original author's death. Professor Parkinson was, of course, a naval historian before he became an expert on the inanities of modern society in general and Parkinson's laws in particular: To that extent *The Life and Times of Horatio Hornblower* bears the stamp of authenticity. But surely it requires some explanation when he claims (p. 179) that Hornblower returned from the Baltic in *Nonsuch* or (p. 192) that Bush was drowned—you see, already the *Baker Street Irregulars* attitude creeps in to this brief review. Not a bad thing at that—I think I'll see about forming an Horatio Hornblower Society.

C. S. HORN

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND THE LIFE OF WRITING, *by Paul Fussell (Harcourt, 303 pp., $9.50).* Professor Fussell has resorted to that ancient academic ruse of writing about someone famous, as a cover for airing personal prejudices and pet theories only marginally concerned with the title character. The first 34 pages of his book are an adequate summary of Johnson's life as a writer, but, from there on, it is muddy going. The author takes a few valid swipes at the Romantic school of literature and criticism, which pretends to a new level of "creativity" and "individual inspiration" while looking askance at the less egocentric, less pretentious work of men like Johnson. But then Professor Fussell launches into a sea of twaddle about the writer as the prisoner of genre and other fevered notions, with poor Sam Johnson simply rattling along for the ride. Still, in the midst of much silly and artificial codifying and microanalysis, some real glimmerings of understanding and appreciation for Samuel Johnson seep through. His amazing versatility as a writer has too often been overshadowed by his legendary status as a "character," thanks to the efforts of Boswell and a second wave of men like Macaulay, who disliked Johnson's Toryism and intentionally limned him as a colorful crank. Professor Fussell does not. The real Johnson was, no doubt, an eccentric, even a neurotic, but he was also a sound conservative and a devout Christian in an age that scoffed at both. Fortunately, his prowess as a conversationalist and an advocate were such that he held even the beautiful people at bay. "There is no arguing with Johnson," Oliver Goldsmith once said, "for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." Were the Great Cham of English letters alive today, he would probably dismiss Professor Fussell with words he once used on James Boswell: "Sir, you have but two topics, yourself and me. I am sick of both."

A. BAKSHIAN

PROTEST, DISSENT AND THE SUPREME COURT, *edited by Robert L. Cord (Winthrop, 303 pp., $5.95; paper $3.95).* Reflecting on freedom of speech in 1937, Justice Cardozo wrote: "Of that freedom one may say that it is the matrix, the indispensable condition, of nearly every other form of freedom." Accepting that premise, political scientist Cord has assembled two dozen important recent Supreme Court cases concerning war protest, political association, political expression and protest on public and private property prefaced by introductory essays giving concise, clear explanations both of what the High Court does (and how it does it) and what the overriding issues are. Professor Cord strives for objectivity and, remarkably, achieves it most of the time. A series of questions following each section offers little comfort to the demonstration-happy students who will read them; they seem especially designed to force a realization that the goose's sauce suits the gander too. Sometimes Dr. Cord's objectivity falters, as when he describes the case of *Bond* v. *Floyd* (1966) without indicating that the Georgia legislature might well have had legitimate cause to regard Julian Bond as unfit to sit in that body. The case itself, well and fairly edited by Cord, suggests that the right was with Georgia, not with Bond. Throughout the book, in fact, when dealing with Negroes, Cord's liberal bias gets the better of him. Of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, for instance, he writes, incredibly, that the "doctrine was written in language more scientific than juridical." Not juridical, yes indeed; *scientific?* Balderdash. Mr. Cord also tends rather cavalierly to glop together in one sentence on groups from which a democratic society should defend itself, the KKK, the Communist Party and the Minutemen, thus suggesting that the latter is in the same heinous league with the first two. Although lacking an index (an inexcusable economy in a book such as this), *Protest, Dissent and the Supreme Court* is valuable as the first such compendium, and it makes clear an adage of Felix Frankfurter's: "The right to swing your arm ends where the other fellow's nose begins."

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

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Arts & Manners

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Food Strategy

How many cookies do you buy for an afternoon party of six thousand people? How do you fix picnic box suppers for three thousand? A problem of logistics, one would say, which recently confronted Guenther Schnee, the director of the restaurants in New York's Metropolitan Museum. The first occasion was the Metropolitan's annual garden party for its members at the Cloisters, the part of the Museum that not only displays medieval art, but *is* medieval art high over the Hudson. The second occasion was a Midsummer Night Fête on the same day, at the same place. At the garden party, which was to last from two until six, and which was embellished by Renaissance madrigals sung by the Prague Madrigal Singers, the refreshments—the cookies and non-alcoholic punch—were free; for the picnic box supper (which was repeated a week later for another three thousand people) the members paid $4 each; they also got wine and Italian bubbly, which had been contributed to the affair, as well as strolling musicians, magicians, singers and a unicorn to entertain them.

The Metropolitan has four restaurants; two are public and two for its employees. The big one, with a large pool with spot-lit dancing figures by Carl Milles around which the tables are grouped, is a very pleasant place for luncheon and dinner (the latter only on Tuesday and Friday nights, when the Museum stays open). You get your food cafeteria-style, but the tables are set with cloths, there are plenty of polite waiters to carry and clear, and there is a bar. The food is not expensive and it is good: cold salmon with cucumber salad comes to $3.25, prime roast beef with baked potato and sour cream and vegetables to $3.75, and cheese cake to 75 cents—this at dinner; at lunch $2.35 is tops for the cold salad plates. The dark brown walls produce a soothing atmosphere, the fountain's waters make background music—it is a very nice place to sit and eat in between bouts with *Kunst*, or to ignore the *Kunst* for an agreeable dinner *à deux* or *en famille*. The second public restaurant is rather a snack bar, in the children's museum, with the kind of food kids like.

All the eating places in the museum are run by Restaurant Associates, who keep house for the Museum. And the director, as I said, is Guenther Schnee, a very handsome gentleman with the iron soul of a general, which indeed was needed for the job he had to do. His first step was to go up to the Cloisters and case the joint. The next step was the issuing of "Function Notices" for both parties, on which every detail was spelled out. Such as, for the garden party: "1 32-ft. buffet in the Courtyard. All buffets will be draped with yellow linen. On each 32-ft. buffet we shall have sixteen (16) punch bowls and sixteen (16) trays with cookies. . . . Staff: 18 servers, 9 runners, 4 cooks, 3 porters . . ."

The marching orders for the Midsummer Night Fête were equally clear: "Servers and runners will wear black pants, black shoes, black socks, white shirt, long black tie and gold jackets. Chefs will wear chef jackets, checkered pants, chef hats and white neckerchieves. Porters will wear white pants and jackets."

Food for the garden party was no problem. Serving such multitudes had to be rationalized into cookies and punch. One thousand pounds of mixed cookies (thirty to forty to a pound) were bought, and served on silver trays. The punch, non-alcoholic at the Museum's request, consisted of Hawaiian Punch and grape juice served from 76 constantly replenished punchbowls in ten thousand punch glasses. Mr. Schnee calculated one pint for each person, and I leave it to you to deduce the total quantity.

The picnic food for the evening event was fruit cup, half a roast chicken, string-bean salad, fruit and camembert, roll and butter. Not an imaginative menu, but one chosen by the Museum for safety over two others suggested by Mr. Schnee, which included duckling pâté, salmon steak, chocolate mousse or stuffed breast of veal, shrimp cocktail and almond cream. But the Museum loved it and so did the members, so much so that more such picnics are to come.

Mr. Schnee rented most of the equipment he needed for his parties, but he bought six thousand strong white cardboard boxes (for the picnic's two installments), plastic cutlery wrapped in a paper napkin and four thousand stemmed wine glasses. Then he turned to the food preparation, following his own instructions precisely. The first picnic was on the Monday night fol-

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lowing the afternoon party, so that both events had to be ready by noon that day. On Friday, his cooks at the Metropolitan kitchens prepared the fruit cocktail and the string-bean salad, both of which were packed in plastic boxes. On Saturday, he roasted the chickens. He had discovered that the New York Coliseum has the largest cooking ovens in town. At 11:30 A.M., refrigerated trucks holding two thousand chickens were in the Coliseum's elevators riding to the fourth floor kitchens. The chickens were put on large baking sheets, rubbed with herbs and spices, and roasted to a lovely golden brown. By 2:30 P.M. they were back in the refrigerated trucks, riding to the Metropolitan's backyard, where they spent the night after each chicken had been cut in half to make two portions. On Sunday afternoon, the Museum closed as usual at 5 P.M., whereupon the assembling of the picnic boxes began. In the big poolside restaurant, long trestle tables were set up, and open picnic boxes set on them back to back. The various foods were put on rolling carts. White-coated workers, moving swiftly and on the assembly-line principle, filled the boxes neatly. Even the apples that went with the cheese were carefully polished up. The three thousand filled picnic boxes were then stored overnight in the refrigerated trucks. Everything was done with the utmost calm and absence of fuss.

At six on Monday morning, again on the dot per instructions, the trucks went up to the Cloisters, where they were joined by the rented equipment. The afternoon party was set up with military precision (every soldier had read and memorized his orders, his duties and his station) and went off without a hitch. For the Midsummer Night Fête, the weather played a trick and it rained. Equipped for this emergency, Mr. Schnee transferred his open-air buffets from the Cloisters' yards to the inside without trouble, though, to his chagrin, because of the rain, the three thousand guests had to wait twenty minutes or so for their supper. Each picnicker fetched his box from large tables, and ate wherever he pleased. The wine and the bubbly were handed around by waiters. Here too, the cleaning up was great; you'd never know that three thousand people had eaten a picnic-box meal. But the sight that really got me were all those picnic boxes all lined up. Gee. □

JAZZ

KARL R. ZIMMERMANN

Saints Preserved

At first glance Preservation Hall seemed like an old daguerreotype. My wife and I entered its carriageway through rusty wrought-iron gates, then were carried by the onrushing crowd into the dingy hall itself. Up front sat seven aged musicians in white shirts, their jackets hanging over the backs of their plain chairs. On top of the time-ravaged upright piano were piled seven derbies; next to them was an Easter lily, appropriate to the season. A huge fan of ancient design stood idle in the corner. The stained walls were hung with original oils of performers past and present.

The scene was monochromatic, with almost everything textured the yellow-brown of a forgotten print found in a dusty attic trunk. This is fitting, since Preservation Hall, as its name suggests, aims at the remembrance of things past.

New Orleans jazz has had a checkered career ever since the whole thing started before the turn of the century in Storyville, the city's red-light district. It was here that Negro street bands and the piano-playing "professors" of the brothels synthesized many diverse influences into what became known as "jazz." Men like Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong learned their trade here.

The new music flourished until 1917, when the Federal Government halted the wide-open prostitution in the district. The closing of the many fabulous houses left scores of musicians out of work. Most headed North, particularly to Chicago. New Orleans' importance as a jazz center diminished, though it never disappeared, and by the Fifties the city was reawakening to its musical heritage, possibly because tourists were increasingly interested in hearing what they thought of as local music.

Many of the old-timers had drifted back into town and were put to work, but with little guarantee of a steady wage and less of artistic freedom. The crowds in the Bourbon Street joints where they played responded only to the ritual, not the substance of the music. Not caring for lesser-known though authentic pieces, they demanded the endless repetition of "The Saints" and other clichés.

In 1961 Larry Borenstein responded to this by converting his 726 Saint Peter Street art gallery into Preservation Hall, a place where the old jazzmen could "rehearse"—so called for the benefit of the union—and take contributions from whatever audience might be present. These irregular jam sessions were soon formalized and the musicians put on a salaried basis. Their freedom to play what and how they wished was unhampered, and remains so today.

Preservation Hall is nothing like an ordinary night club. The only liquid refreshment for sale on the premises is Coca-Cola from a machine in the carriageway. There is no audience-coddling. You can expect to stand unless you arrive early and claim one of the few hard wooden benches provided for your dubious comfort, and you may get warm before the evening is over, as there is no air conditioning.

THE MUSIC, wonderful and moving, is all that matters. Different groups play on different evenings, but all work in basically the same style, which really has no name but New Orleans. Most commonly seven men make up the band: drums, bass, piano, banjo, trumpet, trombone and clarinet (or sometimes saxophone). Nearly all the performers are in their sixties or seventies; they remember how it was in the flush days, and play it that way: sassy and lively, but with that deeply felt blues note always insistently there.

Considering how long these men have been playing, their freshness is remarkable. They still manage a verve and excitement for each new improvisation. Their buoyancy and enjoyment are infectious and readily conveyed to the receptive audience—a diverse group with many young people as a result of the nominal $1 admission charge. Over the evening a warm communion develops between entertainers and entertained, and ultimately a deep sense of happiness.

But over all this hangs a sense of sadness and impending loss. The musicians are, after all, old men, no matter how vital, and cannot work forever. Sadly, they are irreplaceable; virtually no young artists are developing in the true New Orleans style. There are only the cold mechanics who play "Dixieland" for the tourists on Bourbon Street.

A few months ago we were standing

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on line at Preservation Hall when a taxi pulled up to the curb of the narrow street. The rear door swung open and, slowly, two elderly gentlemen emerged; they were trumpeter Punch Miller and Eddie Dawson, his bassist. Furious horns began to blare from the cars blocked behind as the cabbie solemnly studied the problem of extricating a bass fiddle that was bridged across the front and back seats.

Oblivious to the angry ruckus at his back, he tugged at the instrument from one side, then the other; eventually he had it on the sidewalk. Its white-haired owner, though he seemed almost too frail to handle it, calmly picked it up and toted it inside, ready once more to make music like a man half his age. □

PLACES

F. REID BUCKLEY

Return to Lanzarote

We boarded the 8 A.M. Caravelle out of Madrid to Málaga and the Canary Islands. First stop there was Lanzarote, where a special mission summoned each of us.

We were blonde, ice-eyed, menthol-lipped, stunningly Irish-American Renee Lopez de Haro, my assistant; brunette, sloe-eyed, tempestuously stunning Helena Alfieri, an Italian-American friend of Renee; golden-haired, hazel-eyed, serenely beautiful Rosario ("Tasa") Leguina Olano, the Spanish mother of, incredibly, five children ages five to fifteen; and, to borrow a convention from Mr. Norman Mailer, I, in such company clearly The Beast.

The Beast had just sold a barley field on Lanzarote's booming southeast coast. His mission was to seal that sale, tie up contracts for his dream of an abvehicular retreat for like-minded automobilophobes, take (as it turned out) some eight hundred color slides for office use in Madrid, and, during the matinal hours of island peace, slog away on a four-thousand-word article commission that was twenty thousand words along toward completion. Renee's mission was to pursue the details of the business operations and keep The Beast from buying volcanoes by the crater. Helena's mission was to delight the eye (with her coloring and those groovy, groovy long legs, she could represent a Canarian beauty; and will so be represented in my slides). And Tasa's mission was to familiarize herself with Lanzarote, a goodly portion of which she is in charge of selling.

LANZAROTE IS the most easterly of the larger Canaries (the Hesperides, the "Fortunate Islands" of the Greeks), its 35 boomerang-shaped miles of volcanic spectacularity surfacing eighty miles off the lower Spanish Sahara coast. It's a land of such strange and even unreal beauty that, when a Raquel Welch prehistoric boobie-boiler of a few years back was, predictably, scorched by critics into curling shreds of celluloid, they reserved their most magmatic scorn for the setting, plainly, along with the styrofoam dinosaurs, the most fantastic of studio fakes.

The critics were wrong. It was the lunar landscape of Lanzarote being filmed. They are excused. One stands anywhere on this island and gasps, and does not believe, and gasps again, and is at no time quite able to credit the sere magic of those soaring, gold and vermilion cones, the coal black lava flows, the rich russet of the fertile valleys, and the turquoise-and-sapphire setting of the sea. Here, without aid of cannabis, one can dwell for infinities of time, or an infinite timelessness, on a single geranium, whose scarlet bloom against the blackness of the lava gravel seems to gather into itself—in the most vivid implosion—the whole hot spectrum of red and orange, and whose tuberous plinth of velvety green leaves seems to have been imagined from one of those dream-jungles painted by Rousseau.

Had twelve months of growing tourism spoiled this island? No, sir. The fare charged for a Mercedes-Benz taxi ride from airport to Arrecife remains 71 cents, and the four miles are still traversed with thrilling Formula I speed. There is a brand-new, luxurious Arrecife Grand Hotel, and seven or eight other first-class apartment-hotels being pushed rapidly to completion, but the architecture is handsome, the city is being improved by these structures, and the pleasantness of the native population is unaltered. Moreover, prices of accommodations are unchanged. At the Lancelot Playa, with a first-class rating, a room for two on the seafront costs $7.86 a day, a single $5.43, and a double with full pension for two $17.

It was a dazzling morning. The Beast took his flock on a tour. Then what is never supposed to happen in this Atlantic paradise of 360 days of sun did happen: dense wet clouds swept over from the northwest, blotting the views out. But we ate at the spherical, opulent new restaurant on the cone of Fire Mountain, whose continuous six-year eruption in the 1730s enriched the island with the present volcanic park. Just last year, a shabby little café-bar had served visitors. The same cooking system is used, an oven scooped into the still-hot volcano itself, in which fish are baked and the mouth-watering "wrinkled" potatoes steamed into their shriveled, briny skins. We ordered both dishes, salad (anyone who has not tasted Lanzarote's tomatoes and onions has not tasted tomatoes and onions), a jug of rough white native wine, six coffees, and three liqueurs. The check? $7.43.

Tourists are not being abused. That night we dined at La Galera, good French cuisine in a charming restaurant set on the lip of a rocky ledge, the ocean flinging spray up from below. We had four large and delicious servings of homemade pâté, four shrimp cocktails stuffed with the fat, fresh crustaceans, three servings of peppered steak (cuttable with a fork), three bottles of vintage, cider-like Portuguese white wine, two bottles of reserve Spanish Marqués de Riscal, nine coffees, a French cognac, a Marie Brizzard and two Spanish anisettes, all for $28.57 and to the nostalgic tinkling on a piano by a Frenchman with a pleasant *Place . . . Peegahl-uh* voice.

It's a free port. The Beast and his lovelies went shopping. The Lovelies spent themselves in a ruinous spree: lipsticks, perfumes, necklaces, clocks and stereo-tape sets for automobiles. The Beast bought a zoom telefoto and wide-angle lens for his Canon at about 60 per cent the best offer in an American discount emporium. A carton of Kools cost $2, 2½ pounds of onions 11 cents, 2½ pounds of oranges 26 cents, half a liter of Russian Stolichnaya vodka $2, a fifth of Smirnoff vodka $1.15, a fifth of Jack Daniels $7.80 (transportation), a fifth of Johnnie Walker Red $2.36 . . .

As for the work we came to do? Ash for *(burp) what* work? □

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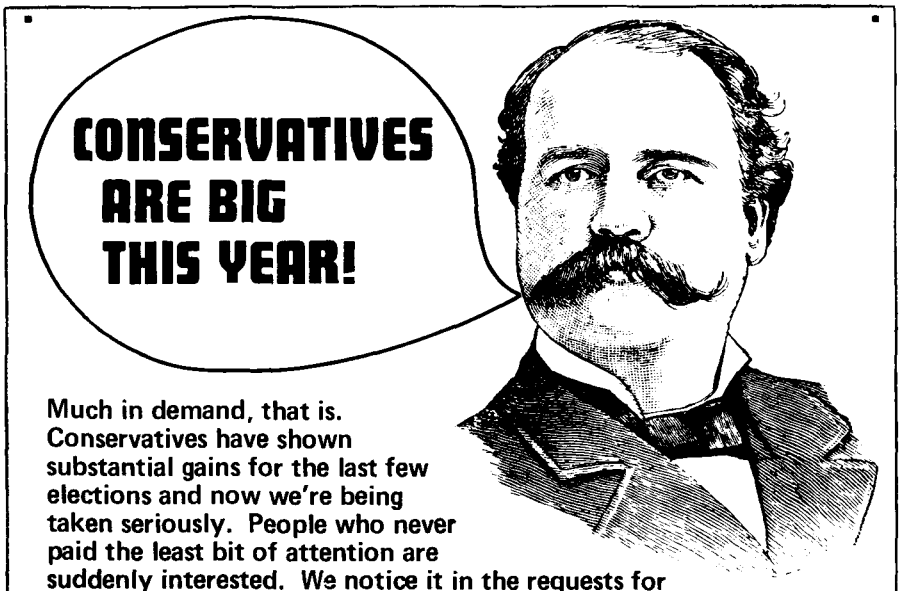

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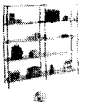
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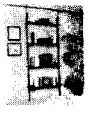
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"THE SHELVING PEOPLE"

(Continued from page 857)

ingly all in consecutive order in his speech:

1. Well, now we're coming to the heart of the problem—Vietnam. (55)
2. Now the Chinese have clearly and repeatedly stated that Thailand is next on their list after Vietnam. (36)
3. If South Vietnam becomes Communist it will be difficult for Laos to exist. (48)
4. The same goes for Cambodia, and the other countries of Southeast Asia. (48)
5. I think if the Communists were to win in South Vietnam, the record of the North—what happened in Tet of 1968—makes it clear that there would be a bloodbath in store for a lot of the population of the South. (73)
6. The United States is still going to remain an Asian power. (88)

The number in parentheses after each sentence indicates the page on which that particular sentence was found in the prepared text used by Col. MacNeil in making this speech. Sentences three and four were actually quotes from Souvanna Phouma of Laos and were so introduced by Col. MacNeil.

A lot of attention has been focused on the failure of CBS to show that two of the sentences were taken from a statement by Souvanna Phouma. Mr. Friendly dealt only with this aspect of the editing of the Colonel's statement in his *Harper's* article. Serious as this is, it is but one part of the larger question of whether CBS had any right to create such a synthetic quotation at all and what its motive for doing so was. Mr. Friendly did not discuss the ethics of creating such synthetic statements by electronic "cut and paste" techniques.

Did CBS go to the trouble of doing this just to give the program pace and make it more interesting, as Mr. Friendly suggests? Or was there some other reason for picking one sentence here, another there, rearranging the order and presenting them as a single statement delivered to the viewing audience just as it came from the lips of the speaker? Evidently Col. MacNeil thinks there was another reason, for he has filed a $6-million libel suit against CBS. It could be argued that the synthetic statement was tailor-made to show that military officers were violating the Army regulation quoted by CBS as an introduction to Col. MacNeil's speech. It remains to be seen if the courts will join with Mr. Friendly in giving CBS a clean bill of health in

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its editing of Col. MacNeil's remarks.

In the meantime it would seem advisable for television and radio audiences to look with some skepticism on prerecorded statements that are presented on news broadcasts as the actual words spoken by individuals in the news. We know now that they may be an inaccurate representation of what was said even when the words are seen to be coming from the lips of the speaker. Mr. Friendly warns us that the only foolproof guideline that can be counted on for honest editing is the conscience of the producer or editor.

When the conscience of the Murrow Professor of Broadcast Journalism at Columbia University, Mr. Fred Friendly, is not troubled by what CBS did with the words of Daniel Henkin and Col. John MacNeil in *The Selling of the Pentagon*, we shudder to think of what it must take to prick the consciences of less sensitive souls in the broadcasting industry. □

MANO

(Continued from page 867)

been reprinted on tangerine-colored paper. And that's what it's called now —the Tangerine Paper. My mission has support from odd quarters: from St. Bartholomew's, one of the most prosperous, conservative parishes; from St. Phillip's in Harlem (they wish to keep all their funds for local outreach programs and to heck with heating Synod House). We are defeated by a lopsided margin.

Afterwards, a delegate, an older person, asked me why I seemed so downcast.

"The Purple Paper," I muttered.

"Oh. Yes. I voted for it." We walked on. Then he shrugged. "Say. You don't mind my asking. Just what was the Purple Paper anyway?"

"It doesn't matter," I said.

Two weeks later the rector of my mission received a letter from the suffragan. In it, he suggested that we not be "over-optimistic" about getting funds from the diocese for our own "outreach" program (a badly needed local youth center—yes, Virginia, even a conservative mission can be outreaching). Time has nearly run out for St. Anne's and for dozens of missions and aided parishes throughout the diocese. Supportive funds will be reduced in five annual 20 per cent bites: the final cutoff date is 1976, but many places of worship will be compelled to close well before then.

But St. Anne's wishes to announce a gentle and good-natured war with the diocese. We feel there should be at least one Episcopal church within a day's driving distance of New York City where the word of God is preached according to the New Testament, not according to the *New York Times*. Where a sermon brings comfort to the soul and not to the nation's enemies. Where the hope of salvation is maintained confidently and without embarrassment. St. Anne's is not closing down. Without diocesan funds we may have to become St. Anne's-in-the-fields. Who knows, we may even have to become the world's smallest diocese. Right on, brother. Right on. □

PEMBROKE

(Continued from page 870)

sure: A reconstruction government backed by troops looks attractive, but so does "getting rid of them" (i.e., the French); an independent Québec would stop getting more tax revenues than other provinces, and it would stop getting plums like Expo and the Olympics, which then, of course, would not come to Canada at all. Independence would be a disaster for the English and Italian minorities in Québec, as well as for the rest of Canada. The fact is that Canada is little enough of a nation now, and that, broken up, it would be (outside Ontario) little more than scarce raw materials and arable land, available to the highest bidder, the first man, the fastest gun on the scene. This fact more than any other forced Trudeau last October 16 to invoke the War Measures Act and make that extraordinary speech for which Agnew would have been burned in effigy.

But 1971 is a different year, and he has a few options now. In Ontario, the new Conservative Premier, William Davis, is weak and vulnerable; when elected to the party leadership in February, he could muster less than half of the 1,657 delegates even on the fourth and final ballot. He also is saddled with a record as a spender of Lindsayan proportions. Also, the federal NDP is trying to choose a new leader in the midst of growing antagonism between the party's horny hands and its horny heads. Insiders say that, given a provincial election in Ontario, Mr. Trudeau will call a federal election before fall; such a move would, by dividing their energies, catch his opponents in disarray and would guarantee him four to five more years' rule (five by law; four by custom).

Meanwhile, in Québec, last fall's federal troops are gone, and most of the charges of seditious conspiracy are or have been dismissed. Some kind of Québeçois normalcy is returning. Trudeau will continue to press for better French rights, more federal money for the province. The awful possibility is that there might not be enough money and coolness in all of Canada to buy off a situation so tense, so long in its development and so fraught with dangers for Canada. □

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 841)

the Council's Special Committee on Growth.

First, the matter of applications to enroll at the University of Virginia. In fact, such applications began to decline, though slowly and slightly, in 1965; this decline did not cease until 1969, when applications began to rise abruptly.

Why was the trend of declining applications reversed? Because the University had lowered its standards, and had begun to admit—and to encourage—applicants who would not have been admitted under earlier standards. As the Student Council's report points out: "Admissions applications actually declined in number over the years 1965 to 1968. At the same time, however, the number of acceptances increased while, as we have shown, the average college-board scores of applicants were falling. Thus while 44.1 per cent of applicants were offered admission in 1965 with an average total SAT score of 1252, 48.3 per cent were offered admission in 1970 with an average total SAT score of 1206."

Yes, the University of Virginia had relatively high standards; but they are slipping, and will decline still more rapidly unless some attention is paid to the convictions of the present students themselves. The argument that other state universities are badly swollen does not justify Virginia in committing the same folly.

Growth of population, of course, is a sound enough reason for expanding facilities of higher education. Yet it does not follow that such a growth ought to be achieved by forcing masses of new students upon a campus and a town unprepared to receive them without injury to the works of the mind—for that matter, lacking even physical facilities for such growth. Surely the alternative recommended by many Charlottesville students is better: distribution of the increased student population among Virginia's several state institutions, and improvement of the standards of those other institutions. And why, unless as a smokescreen, does Mr. Fishback raise the question of out-of-state students? I did not take up that subject, and the Student Council at Charlottesville does not recommend any measure of exclusion. But it can hardly be the duty of Virginia to provide places at Charlottesville for undergraduates who cannot find places in New York or New Jersey.

Growthmanship, it appears, is the game being played by the administrators of the University of Virginia. But the better students there—indeed, 84.4 per cent of all the students, according to a careful sampling by the Student Council—believe that the University should limit the size of its enrollment. They are not servile to King Numbers and the passion for bricks and mortar.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Galbraith v. Lockheed

On The Right

New York, July 28—I never saw a happier man than John Kenneth Galbraith, his statement in hand which the next day he would read to the Senate Banking Committee considering the question whether the United States Government should guarantee a loan of $250 million to the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Mr. Galbraith relishes taking on the giants, provided they are big business (he is strangely unconcerned with other species of giants, e.g., giant governments, giant labor unions, giant aggressive powers). The idea that the United States should use "the taxpayers' money" (that is what the Left always calls it when it is money being used by the government for purposes it disapproves; the term is never used when the money is used for a project they favor) to help a multi-million dollar corporation, moreover one which is useful to the military, is much much more than John Kenneth Galbraith is willing to tolerate.

ACCORDINGLY, he spoke with great zest, heaping "scorn and sarcasm"—to use the words of UPI—on the proposed measure. "Mr. Galbraith, who once proposed nationalizing defense industries," the dispatch continued, "said the bill, if enacted, would prove that 'the military-industrial complex is alive in Washington and doing well.' He questioned whether, 'in the present state of public opinion and the present attitude of younger citizens, this demonstration is really necessary.'" Mr. Galbraith went on to titillate the Committee by suggesting that Mr. Nixon's own house is deeply divided on the bill. Mr. John Connally, the Secretary of the Treasury, is the bill's principal sponsor (Mr. Connally is a Democrat) and he is reputedly the man who sold Mr. Nixon on the bill. By contrast, Mr. Galbraith advises us, Arthur Burns, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, and David Packard, Deputy Defense Secretary, "embraced the measure with approximately the enthusiasm they would show for tertiary syphilis or terminal leprosy."

Well, we can all agree that Mr. Galbraith was enjoying himself hugely, and when he does, the mirth is altogether contagious. Pause. And now a few observations:

1. One would think that the decline of Lockheed would have proceeded *pari passu* with the decline of Galbraith. It was only four years ago that Professor Galbraith was instructing us all that the military-industrial complex, or the technocracy, was so powerful as to be absolutely secure. He said in his book *The New Industrial State* that the principal corporations of America are so powerful as to be able absolutely to secure their own future. They are able to manage this, he wrote, by their knowledge of and control over government, so as to arrange a suitable flow of income; and by their knowledge of and control over the population, which they are able to manipulate by advertising.

It is an acutely embarrassing historical coincidence that a few weeks after releasing this finding to the multitudes, the stock market began its biggest decline in recent history. And among the stocks hardest hit were: precisely those great industrial giants which Mr. Galbraith had just finished documenting would never be seriously influenced by the course of events, such was their control over their own destiny and over America.

2. The Lockheed Company was selling for $74 per share back in those days. Today you can have it for nine dollars. In fact, the estimated value of Lockheed's holdings is $250 million. And there are eleven million shares outstanding. So, one judges, the value of Lockheed's properties is about twice the current value of Lockheed's stock. It would appear that there is room there to maneuver. To the extent that what is desired is to punish the stockholders, they have certainly been punished by the decimation in the value of their stock. If Lockheed were forced into liquidation, which might follow if Congress denies the credit, the present stockholders would double their money.

3. Mr. Galbraith looks on the current bill as a venture designed to protect greedy capitalists. In fact, it isn't. The stockholders are the least of Mr. Nixon's concern. What he worries about is the thirty thousand people Lockheed employs. It is ironic that Professor Galbraith wouldn't care at all if the U.S. Government spent several times $250 million to give unemployment relief to Lockheed's employees: but fiercely resists a proposal not that the government fork over $250 million, but that it guarantee the bank's note for $250 million. Under the proposed bill, the U.S. Government in fact would not lose anything net. Because if Lockheed proceeded to go down, the government would have the prior lien on Lockheed's assets, whose value is equal to the note.

I myself would vote against the guarantee. But I would know what I was doing: which is exercising a regular principle —the less government, the better. Mr. Galbraith, by unpleasant contrast with my integrity and rectitude, wants big government for his friends, and hostile government for his enemies. On one point I would agree: The government should buy all existing copies of *The New Industrial State*, and recycle them, bringing out a fresh edition of Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations*. □

THE CHAVEZ MACHINE

Sacramento, July 28 —Herein a tale (undisclosed, as of this writing) of California politics, the moral of which we shall in due course explicate.

There is a Democratic assemblyman from Orange County (all things are possible in California). He is in fact the Caucus Chairman of the Democrats within the Assembly, Mr. Ken Cory. Last season he undertook to sponsor a bill that would impose a little democratic order on the farm labor situation in California.

The bill in question would have done several things. Most importantly, it provided for secret elections for farm workers solicited by labor unions. And then it forbade secondary boycotts as an instrument of union pressure. In this respect it sought to bring into the farm workers' situation in California the safeguards provided for non-farm workers by the Taft-Hartley Act, which also provides for free secret elections and bans secondary boycotts.

Mr. Cory did not adequately gauge the determination of Mr. César Chavez, who did not become the head of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee by disdaining practices forbidden by the National Labor Relations Act. Indeed his

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principal instrument of pressure was the grape boycott, which was secondary, imposing penalties, for instance, on grocery stores in New Hampshire if they failed to side with César Chavez' boycott.

It was not, however, widely believed that Mr. Chavez would have the nerve to oppose secret elections, it being generally understood that non-secret elections are not free elections. There proved to be no limit to Mr. Chavez' gall.

Mr. Cory and his colleagues succeeded in getting the bill out of the Labor Relations Committee. It had one more obstacle to get past before arriving at the floor of the Assembly. Inasmuch as the bill would have required the expenditure of state money, it was taken to the Ways and Means Committee. There the big battle took place.

In it, Chavez was absolutely brazen —rather endearingly so. He didn't say that he believed the vote should be public because that way he could intimidate the opposition. But he said almost as much. The secret ballot, he said, is for *sophisticated* people. The open, public ballot is for his workers. They are, by deduction, too stupid to profit from democratic practices, but not so stupid as to render them susceptible to the charge that they were intimidated by César Chavez.

The Cory forces carefully counted votes in the Committee, and were confident that they would win. And then the national muscle was used.

In the course of a single weekend, the Speaker of the Assembly received three telephone calls from the Godfathers of three important Democratic families. The Speaker is a young man named Robert Moretti. He was a protégé of Bobby Kennedy and Jess Unruh, and he has visions of glory—the governor's mansion, the U.S. Senate, who knows. The Speaker is a very powerful man in California politics, who appoints the chairmen of all the committees.

Mr. Moretti received a telephone call from Larry O'Brien, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He then received a telephone call from Hubert Humphrey. And yet another one from George Meany—who told Moretti that he had been asked by Senator Scoop Jackson to call him. All three urged Moretti to use what influence he could to abort the bill in the Ways and Means Committee. His influence proved to be sufficient and the bill failed.

There was a final and dramatic flameout on the floor. The new budget requires the support of a substantial number of Republicans. The Republican leadership said that it would go along only if the Democrats voted unanimously. For six dramatic hours, Mr. Cory declined to go along with his colleagues—unless they called his labor bill to the floor. But the siege was successful—legislative heroism has only so much stamina. When Mr. Moretti threatened to remove Mr. Cory as Caucus Chairman, which removal would collapse the administrative apparatus on which he depended, Cory gave in.

This little sub-drama has received very little attention. In the other bad old days, the telephone calls would come in from bankers and tycoons and the legislators would tremble. Now they come in from national political leaders who, when they are not engaged in suppressing democracy at the grass roots, are talking about encouraging it in South Vietnam and Greece. Mr. Humphrey, who is the best known of the three telephone callers for his democratic fidelity, should be approached and asked about the phone calls. And to dwell on the irony that they came from leaders of the Democratic Party. □

COMMENCEMENT TALK

New York, June 18—I dwell on what I have labeled "the skyjacker's leverage," intending to suggest the great handle that the mischievious individual has in our technologized social circumstances. One man with a pistol, or even with a watergun that is taken for a pistol, can commandeer an airplane with four hundred people in it, kidnaping the lot of them, and, if that is his bent, destroying them.

Professor Dan Boorstin has remarked that one of our difficulties arises from the basic fact that we live in a "flow technology," and all that you need to do in order to hurt somebody is: stop. Stop your car on a crowded speedway, and you may cause fifty cars to pile up behind you. The combination of flow technology, and the skyjacker's leverage, can cause wars—and change the tone of social occasions.

Yesterday it was graduation day at a small venerable, and altogether dignified college near Washington, D.C. In order to hand out the three hundred odd diplomas, it was necessary that the graduates file by quickly, as their names were called, past the president, who gave each his diploma and shook his hand.

One gentleman, looking exactly like Sirhan Sirhan, grabbed the diploma from the president, but refused to shake his proffered hand and the result was as if a blot of ink had fallen on the wedding dress of the bride: There was no erasing the memory of it, and all that it signified in the breach of protocol, and civil attachments. One student—needing only to refuse to shake hands. Flow technology.

Then there was the student speaker. He had been elected to perform as valedictorian by the members of his class, with whom he is popular; and he is graduating with high honors. His name is called out and, in academic gown, he walks to the podium. With some difficulty, because he is carrying around his neck two saxophones. *Two saxophones.*

He begins to speak—a normal American voice, unaccented, conversational inflections. He gives the names of the students he is grateful to for this and that. Then the names of faculty to whom he is grateful. Then the names of the thinkers and writers he has read, whom he particularly admires. He then begins his address, which is an examination of the foundations of happiness and wisdom.

After a few moments he announces that he will emit a few tones which particularly please him and are freighted with meaning. This he does, blowing on one saxophone. Then he goes on to blow on the other, whether in order to show the superiority of the second, no one could guess, although it was inevitable that it should be better than the first. Then back to his theme, about how to find ecstasy, and love, and "discipline."

The speaker had taken care to insert into every printed program a "schematic" of his talk, designed to give the listener a little help in following the points as he made them. The schematic was conveniently supplied with two-way arrows, explaining the more intricate of the speaker's points.

The several thousand listeners listened most patiently. Indeed, they listened achingly: surely, soon now—any minute—they would catch—a trace of wit? A flash of humor? An oxymoronic felicity? No, never. He was all bug, no lightning. And it lasted and it lasted, in the hot auditorium. And when he was done, the crowd burst into that nervous applause one hears from parents at their children's piano recitals.

At least the young gentleman was in pursuit of virtue, and his exhibitionism, though embarrassing, seemed to be a part of his offering. And after all of the seven cardinal virtues, he touched on only four, leaving the audience with the scant satisfaction that he had not discovered, prior to the commencement exercises, the remaining three.

At least it was over, at least he hadn't called for killing policemen, or raping Mrs. Nixon, or burning up the college. One takes these things in stride at the academy. The skyjacker's leverage. What can you do? What you do is take the ants out of your pants, and resolve to master whichever one of the mysterious Eastern cults teaches you to turn off, when your brothers insist on making protracted asses out of themselves. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One of an English breed of red beef cattle — 2 150 60 89 100 31

B. One out of many — 40 9 55 111 128 135 155 144 169 222

C. Town in Czecho-Slovakia, east of Praha — 21 33 63 / 45 90 212 153 214 130 52 42 193

D. Got down — 101 11 139 72

E. The *commons* in France or England — 113 70 75 86 177 183 203 224 1 13 / 23

F. Unscramble RUDE STOAT — 120 158 73 61 149 167 28 132 217

G. A tourist attraction in South Dakota's Black Hills (last part of name) — 151 62 133 74 125 110 221 204

H. A pale copper-red mineral of a metallic luster, usually occurring massive — 166 14 53 223 172 3 92 134 188

I. What Pindar was — 4 22 25 34 46

J. This Serbian peasant carried on monkey business at the Russian court — 185 137 173 84 54 93 225 176

K. A small noctural carnivore; the word is usually shortened — 190 7 15 109 56 140 152

L. A historical shrine in Philadelphia — 207 5 145 174 178 186 196 205 218 18 / 32 43 47 107 168 230

M. These are often left until morning — 219 57 85 98 115 200 194 16 29 233

N. A New York political party (also needed in Maryland) — 210 142 / 182 27 77 91 96 112 36 154 220 229 / 131 237

O. A group of eight — 10 6 24 38 59 51

P. An orchestra conductor (1867-1957) — 232 226 58 116 17 211 66 215 156

Q. A wrongful entry upon the lands of another — 65 162 87 19 126 184 76 94

R. Polonius' daughter — 81 95 198 213 103 117 20

S. What Arden named his backward daughter — 105 35 216 234 159

T. There will be none of this in Heaven — 141 119 146 123 79

U. A prolific inventor — 147 187 80 108 67 227

V. He has more control over the Senators than Agnew — 228 181 39 209 235 199 164 88

W. A test performed for *the horsy set* — 8 191 231 163 206 195

X. A signer of the Declaration of Independence — 99 12 236 37 82 136 148 69 104 121

Y. The separate productions that constitute a serial — 127 64 165 118 83 192 48 102

Z. A poisonous agaric, as distinguished from an edible one — 157 97 201 197 122 138 179 208 170

a. The principal Indonesian language of the Philippines — 26 71 106 124 160 171 189

b. To prohibit or restrain by an injunction — 30 41 143 44 50 68

c. Extreme left-wingers — 49 78 114 129 161 175 180 202

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 886 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

■	1 E	2 A	■	3 H	4 I	5 L	6 O	■	7 K	8 W	■	9 B	10 O	11 D	12 X	13 E	14 H	15 K	16 M
17 P	18 L	19 Q	■	20 R	21 B	22 I	■	23 E	24 O	25 I	26 a	27 N	28 F	29 M	■	30 b	31 A	32 L	33 B
34 I	35 S	■	36 N	37 X	38 O	39 V	40 B	41 b	42 C	43 L	■	44 b	45 C	■	46 I	47 L	48 Y	■	49 c
50 b	51 O	52 C	53 H	54 J	55 B	56 K	57 M	58 P	■	59 O	60 A	61 F	62 G	63 B	64 Y	65 Q	66 P	67 U	68 b
■	69 X	70 E	71 a	72 D	■	73 F	74 G	75 E	76 Q	■	77 N	78 c	79 T	80 U	81 R	82 X	■	83 Y	84 J
85 M	86 E	87 Q	88 V	89 A	90 C	91 N	■	92 H	93 J	94 Q	■	95 R	96 N	97 Z	98 M	99 X	100A	■	101D
102Y	■	103R	104X	105S	106a	■	107L	108U	■	109K	110G	111B	112N	113E	■	114c	115M	116P	117R
118Y	119T	120F	121X	122Z	■	123T	124a	125G	126Q	127Y	128B	■	129c	130C	131N	132F	133G	134H	135B
136X	137J	138Z	139D	140K	141T	142M	■	143b	144B	145L	146T	147U	148X	■	149F	150A	151G	152K	■
153C	154N	155B	156P	157Z	158F	159S	160a	■	161c	162Q	163W	164V	165Y	166H	167F	168L	169B	■	170Z
171a	172H	173J	174L	■	175c	176J	177E	■	178L	179Z	180c	181V	182N	183E	■	184Q	185J	186L	■
187U	188H	189a	190K	191W	192Y	193C	194M	■	195W	196L	197Z	■	198R	199V	200M	201Z	202c	203E	204G
205L	■	206W	207L	208Z	209V	210M	211P	212C	213R	■	214C	215P	216S	■	217F	218L	219M	220N	221G
222B	223H	224E	225J	226P	227U	■	228V	229N	230L	231W	■	232P	233M	234S	235V	236X	237N	■	■

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There are three things to remember about Ingersoll—

the international company that builds advanced machining systems

Before we build anything, we'll work with you to find the best solution to your manufacturing task.

We'll join with your people in a thorough study of manufacturing alternatives to find the best technical solution. And then we'll go well beyond to study the economic rightness of our recommendation. Our approach is open and creative. It begins with a definition of the task and ends with a manufacturing system that will help you gain a competitive edge. Our business is planning, engineering, and building the right machining system to do *your* job.

We'll work with you until your machines reach peak production—and stay there.

Installation of Ingersoll machines doesn't end our responsibility. We help to make sure they start up on time and reach peak earning capacity as soon as possible—for it is only after a machine is producing useable parts that it begins to pay dividends. Supporting a machine with the right operator training, tooling, spare parts, maintenance, and management reporting systems pays-off in *extra* output and *higher* earnings.

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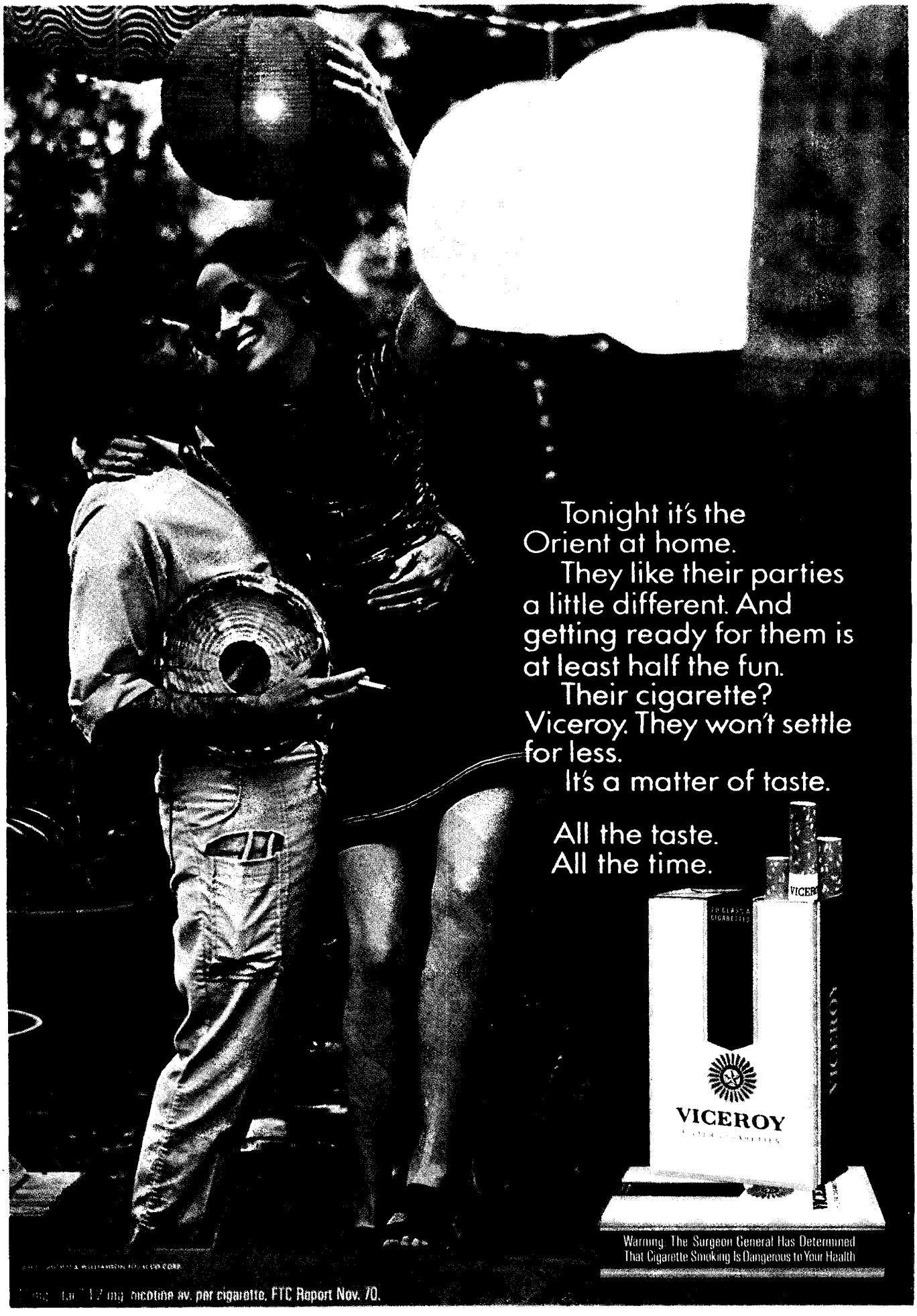
Tonight it's the Orient at home.
They like their parties a little different. And getting ready for them is at least half the fun.
Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.
All the taste. All the time.
VICEROY
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
mg. tar 1.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70.

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